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SIXPENCE.

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FORTIFIED AGAINST A MINOR ENEMY: THE MOSQUITO-NET USED BY THE JAPANESE OFFICERS BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL AND THE ONLY ARTIST BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.

"Flies and mosquitoes are very troublesome, especially in the Manchurian houses, and all the Japanese officers before Port Arthur carry a mosquito and fly net to protect the head and face. They usually sleep in net hammocks, because of the pestilent vermin. Note the officers' equipment—his two-handed sword, his papers, his inkstand like a little paint-box, and his camel's-hair pen."—MR. VILLIERS' NOTE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Once upon a time a clever lady wrote a play. She brooded over it for years, and called it "The Lute of Orpheus," or some such classic name, much too classic for pit and gallery. Then another clever lady took it in hand for the stage, and spent money on it. My gracious! what a lot she did spend! The wealth of Ormuz or of Ind was poured out upon that production; but this, as you know, is our expensive modern way. Well, the piece, which had cost so much in thought and cash, was acted; it had what is vulgarly termed a "first night." Alack! you cannot have a "first night" without "first-nighters," a cynical and ribald crew, who have seen everything and believe in nothing. What "The Lute of Orpheus" needed was an assemblage of fresh young hearts; gracious adolescence in its first high collar, or with its hair hanging sweetly down its back, and knotted with a blue ribbon. "Who's Orpheus?" asked the gallery before the curtain went up. "Why Lute? Why ain't it a Concertina?" There was a guffaw which froze the blood behind the scenes, and made the actress who had spent all that money set her teeth until her jaw grew stern and wild. Not at all the expression, you understand, that was suited to her part—a part full of winning grace.

In the scene that ensued I did not take a hand. 'Tis but a tale, gentle reader: a fairy tale for Christmas, which, as the philosophers say, comes but once a year. As the play went on, the jaw of the actress did not relax; when it was over, the gallery cried "Boo!" "This won't do," wrote the critics next morning. The brutal conspiracy was unmasked; and two deeply injured ladies were face to face with a cruel world! Did they sit them down and weep? Ha! the modern woman is of different mettle. Thrice is she arm'd who hath her quarrel just. First, there was the brooding for years over the play; secondly, there was the money spent upon it; thirdly, there was the pluck, to say nothing of the talent, which had acted it. Three convincing reasons, if truth and justice, not to mention logic, be not dead among us, why the play should have succeeded! What was to be done? Bull-calves, shaped like human beings, had "booed"; cold-hearted critics had written the play down as bad. But there rose an editor, a squire of distressful dames; and he cried, "St. James to the rescue!" He called his paper by the name of that saint. "My studies in theology," joyfully exclaimed the lady who had written the play, "have not been wasted after all! Now I know why we have one evening paper with a soul above the rabble!" So she wrote a letter in that journal; a letter which eclipsed the blessed ingenuity of all the early Fathers, with that of Pascal and De Maistre superadded; a letter which proved not only that "booers" were bull-calves in human vesture, but chiefly that no play written by her, and produced by the other injured lady, could be other than a work of surpassing genius.

"What ho!" cried the paladin of St. James, as he pricked his charger up and down Dorset Street. "Avaunt, ye minions of an unsanctified Press! We will have a righteous verdict on this play; the verdict of a pit and gallery who have not paid for their seats; the verdict of citizens who know that honest toil all day deserves a free admission to the theatre. Hail, pater-familias, who would like to take your daughters to the play for nothing! What say you to a private box? Buy our next edition for all particulars. St. James for Frugal England!" To this appeal there was a noble response. Letters, telegrams, and express messages rolled in. All the professions clamoured for free seats; the Church, the Law, and Medicine, the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces, the Peerage, the Civil Service, and the Stock Exchange, all wanted to see "The Lute of Orpheus" without paying the piper. The theatre might have been filled a hundred times. Yes, the play was assured of a run of a hundred nights or more, if only the manager would go on giving the tickets away. This proved that the people's love of the drama is not dead, as the cynics say it is; nay, grander revelation still, it was clear that human nature was sound at bottom!

What a night it was! As superior to the "first night" as a feast of brotherly love to a malignant orgie! Baronets came by omnibus; Nonconformist denominations put aside their ancient prejudice against the theatre, and arrived in brakes. Mr. Stead was observed quite early in the evening shedding tears of joy over the shirt-front of a South African financier. Between the acts Archdeacons were seen clinking coffee-cups with Plymouth Brethren, and an allopath was heard affably explaining to a homœopath the ingredients of the ice-cream they ate lovingly off the same plate. Mr. Hall Caine expounded the parable of the Prodigal Son to Miss Marie Corelli, who listened in silence. As for the performance; my stars! (I should have said my star, for of course there was only one), such acting had never been seen. That jaw, which

was so stern and indomitable on that "first night" of hateful memory, now presented a contour of persuasive beauty. When the curtain rose, there were prolonged cheers before a word was spoken. Every sentence of the dialogue was followed by salvoes of applause. When an end came at last, about one in the morning, the two clever ladies stood hand in hand before the curtain, their wrongs gloriously redressed, while the audience gave itself up to vocal rapture for another hour. And when the Baronets went home in their omnibus, and the Nonconformist denominations in their brakes, they spent the rest of the night in writing letters to that editor, assuring him that "The Lute of Orpheus" was the greatest piece of dramatic literature since Shakspeare, and that they were ready to support the drama for the rest of their lives, on the conditions which had made such a splendid "house."

Perhaps it is the approach of Christmas which makes me hope this is not all fairy tale, though I dismiss the embellishment which has crept into some versions—namely, that the "first-night" booers were really turned into bull-calves, and butted one another furiously in Shaftesbury Avenue. Not that the boomer would be undeserving of such a fate. He might content himself with saying "No, no!" or "Oh, oh!" as people do at public meetings when they do not catch the enthusiasm which ought to prevail. He might say, "I beg to state that some of us up here do not agree with you who are applauding down below." But he prefers to break into the applause with the discordant note of the bull-calf. Moreover, I am not at all sure that, even if he adopted either of the methods I have suggested, he would commend himself to clever ladies who believe the play they have produced at such a cost, mental and fiscal, to be a masterpiece. Even if he held his peace, and made no sound, articulate or otherwise, he would still be an offender; for even silent opposition at the theatre chills the atmosphere, freezes that very susceptible blood behind the scenes, and gives to sensitive jaws a harsh and unpoetical outline. The playgoer who cannot enjoy whatever is set before him should seek the spiritual advice of the clever lady who writes like Pascal and De Maistre; and the dramatic critic who feels evilly prompted to write, "This won't do," had better repair to the same oracle and have his demon exorcised.

But ours is an inconstant world, and it is best to be armed against contingencies that may disappoint our ideals. I see that M. Marcel Prévost, always studious for the interests of society, has been expounding in the *Figaro* the need for a "school of sangfroid." The professors, he says, ought to teach the students how to brace themselves for any ordeal. A footpad pops up with a revolver in his hand. Do you run away and hide yourself? No; you pounce on him without hesitation, for he is more likely to shoot if you turn your back than if you present a bold and aggressive front. A letter, which is of great moment to your heart or your interests, is put into your hand. Do you feverishly tear open the envelope and devour the contents? No; you light a cigarette, and smoke it slowly; you turn over the leaves of a book, and occupy your mind for a while with something that does not matter. Then you read the vital missive leisurely, and take your happiness or your misfortune with calm. I commend this tuition to clever ladies who write plays or act them. Why let your fond hearts flutter before the curtain rises, and turn to stone when the voice of the bull-calf is uplifted? Why not act as if no audience were there at all, or as if all the sounds that greet one's ear were the melody of kindred souls? M. Prévost, no doubt, has studied sangfroid so successfully that when he reads very hostile criticism of himself he does not want to call the critic out, after the manner of his countrymen. But in the theatre it is difficult to make the heart act in unison with the head. There must be a craving for sympathy; and the horrid irony arises when, on the other side, there is little or none to give.

An Edinburgh worthy invites the Editor of this Journal "to publish the portrait of the man who calls himself the saviour of the Empire, although the 'Parish Fools' in the House of Commons have not yet recognised him." He is the "Reliever of Ladysmith," "Inventor of Blockhouses," "Saver of Africa, Egypt, and India." For justification of these dignities we are referred to the War Commission Report, page 149; "and the man who requires more proof is a fool." The King of the Belgians required no more, for he assured our correspondent of his "distinguished consideration." I regret to learn that "the Kaiser William was written to, but did not reply." This silence, however, throws a new light on the "North Sea affair," which the Edinburgh gentleman interprets as the Kaiser's commentary on the relief of Ladysmith and the salvation of the Empire. But who are we (my Editor desires me to ask) that we should enjoy the honour of publishing our correspondent's portrait? Manifestly this belongs to the proprietor of Madame Tussaud's, who would make it a national trophy.

OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

Perhaps the return of M. Maurel has been the most interesting incident of the opera season's last days, and the interest was twofold. First, the singer's splendid residue of great gifts claimed attention; secondly, there was the wonderful reception accorded to the artist by his audience. M. Maurel proved that the possession of a fine voice at its best is only one of the qualifications demanded by opera. The voice is the shadow of what it has been, but the singer is as great an artist as he was a quarter of a century ago.

Interesting, too, but in a very different way, was the San Carlo Company's "Lohengrin": it enabled us to understand why German music is not popular in South Italy. Frankly, the performance should not have been given. For Signor Campanini's remarkable conducting there can be nothing but praise; but the long passages for the brass showed up the poverty of the instruments themselves with brutality that neither Verdi nor Puccini imitates. On the stage, too, the searching music revealed all the weak points of vocalisation that the Italian music had screened. Under the fierce test some of the voices behaved like a cross-Channel steamer in a head wind. Indeed, only two performers survived the ordeal—Signor Ancona and Madame de Cisneros. The latter gave a beautiful and moving interpretation of the Ortruda music: the long second act passed all too rapidly, leaving us deeply impressed by the possibilities of the part. The singing was worthy the best traditions of Covent Garden, and the acting had a high personal quality that sought and found a new aspect of Ortruda—one explanatory of much that the harsher interpretations leave incomprehensible. Madame Wayda's Elsa and Marguerite are carefully studied and intelligently sung, and yet leave us cold; but of Signor Ancona's Telramund and Valentine it may be said that while the one helped Madame de Cisneros to lift "Lohengrin" from the ranks of the failures, the other redeemed "Faust" from mediocrity.

The last performance of "Carmen" introduced two new singers, Madame Lafargue being entrusted with the Carmen music, while M. Cornubert appeared as Don José. Neither singer has a voice of the quality that Covent Garden demands for the interpretation of leading rôles, and dramatically they were ineffective. Don José seemed to have left Andalusia, and travelled north across the Pyrenees. He was always an excited Frenchman.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BROKEN HEART," AT THE ROYALTY.

It is impossible not to admire the courage and tenacity of purpose with which Mr. Philip Carr and his Mermaid Society continue their noteworthy revivals of old English plays, though denied that large measure of public support which is their due. Ford's famous tragedy of "The Broken Heart" is their latest choice—one of the most interesting and yet exasperating plays in the whole Jacobean theatre. Full of noble rhetoric, this story of transcendent sorrow fails to stir the emotions by reason of its perverse ingenuity and its deliberate defiance of natural feeling. Ford, in fact, was never satisfied with Nature, and was always striving to go beyond her to secure his tragic effects, with the inevitable result that to-day, at least, an audience remains cold before his most strenuous emotional efforts. Miss Irene Rooke, however, gives a wonderful pantomimic display of suppressed emotion during the dance-scene, and throughout delivers Ford's resonant verse with an appreciation of its stress and rhythm; and there is the right note of enthusiasm about the declamation of Miss Ada Potter as the suffering Penhea, Mr. Frank Lascellés as Calantha's ambitious lover, Ithocles, and Mr. J. H. Irvine as the vengeful Orgilus. As a strange experiment in unhuman tragedy, "The Broken Heart" deserves study and attention.

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN," REVIVED AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

That famous play "Lady Windermere's Fan," which well-nigh founded an English school of drawing-room comedy, wears uncommonly well, though now a dozen years old. Its brilliant epigrams still scintillate as brightly as ever, mainly because, while in form mere inversions of truisms, they almost represent a reasoned philosophy of experience. Nor has the more passionate dialogue lost its literary and emotional charm; while there is sufficient ingenuity and dramatic strength apparent in the play's great scene—that in which Lady Windermere's mother sacrifices herself to save the young wife's reputation—to make this story of matrimonial misunderstanding, conventional as is its plan, deeply moving and theatrically effective. The original fine cast of the comedy Mr. Alexander could not re-collect, and so he himself stands out of the bill of his theatre, for probably the first time during his management. But happily that actress of exquisite sensibility, Miss Marion Terry, is able to resume her rôle of Mrs. Erlynne, and exhibits on the one hand a most fascinating frivolity, and on the other an emotional intensity and a maternal passion almost painfully sincere. The new Lady Windermere, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, is scarcely less sympathetic than Miss Winifred Emery; and if Mr. Ben Webster as Lord Windermere cannot make this priggish husband so interesting as did Mr. Alexander, Miss Fanny Coleman as the grande dame, and Mr. Sydney Brough and Mr. Leslie Faber as drawing-room cynics, give the witty dialogue its full flavour. Mr. Vane Tempest is as welcome as ever in his original part of Mr. Dumby.

"THE FREEDOM OF SUZANNE," AT THE CRITERION.

It hardly needed Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox's acknowledgment of indebtedness to "Gyp" to make us sure that his new comedy, "The Freedom of Suzanne," owed much, alike in its theme and in the farcical audacity of its treatment, to Gallic inspiration. The restless wife who secures emancipation from matrimony and a mother-in-law's tyranny only to become jealous of her husband, and to discover the ugly

meaning of her other swains' attentions, is quite a conventional figure on the Parisian stage. It is not Miss Marie Tempest's fault that her husband's play fizzles out feebly at the last.

THE PROGRAMME AT THE HIPPODROME.

That human—or is it a merely mechanical?—mystery, "Zutka," one of the greatest puzzles that even the Hippodrome management has ever presented for solution; the wonderful kettle of Dr. Boyd, which produces such extraordinary and yet perfectly scientific phenomena with liquid air; and Mendel, the blind pianist, who plays with such absolute correctness of tone and touch, despite his affliction, are naturally among the most popular "turns" at the London Hippodrome. But this week yet another clever invention has been added by this theatre's enterprising direction to its programme of marvels, an invention known as the "Chronophone," which offers to the spectator animated pictures which talk and sing. For instance, we are shown the "Village Blacksmith" working and singing at his anvil, the words and music of the song being given out in complete accord by this new "chronophone" instrument.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

The official intelligence from the Sha-ho from every source indicates clearly that it is most unlikely there will be any immediate resumption of the frontal attacks which were such a marked feature of the last great battle. For miles on either bank of the river there is a perfect maze of entrenchments and entanglements, and it is even said that the trenches are protected by armour-plate. On the other hand, there are apparently movements taking place which are preliminary to enveloping tactics, particularly on the Russian left. It is in this quarter that the Hunghuses, who are said to be led by Japanese officers, are most active. It would not be at all surprising if these irregular guerilla bands had been largely reinforced, since it is evident that the native Manchurians, of whom they are mainly composed, have been forced into the field by want and privation, owing to the wholesale manner in which their herds and flocks have been garnered in by the Russian foraging parties and their homesteads destroyed by the Cossack raiders. All reports agree that the cold is intense, but that the troops, being well clad, are not suffering severely.

The movements of the Second Pacific Squadron still continue, as was expected, to attract considerable attention. The First Division, under Rozhdestvensky, left Dakar on Nov. 16, and is proceeding down the west Coast of Africa. The Second Division, which consists of the battle-ships *Sissoi Veliky* and *Navarin*, the cruisers *Svetlana*, *Femchug*, and *Almaz*, and seven destroyers, are expected at Port Said from Suda Bay. Five vessels of the Russian Volunteer Fleet, the *Voronej*, *Tamboff*, *Vladimir*, *Kief*, and *Yaroslav*, with four transports, the *Gortchakoff*, *Kitai*, *Jupiter*, and *Meteor*, are also expected at that port. Arrangements have been made to ensure the safe passage of these vessels through the Canal, and also to prevent any of the excesses which are said to have taken place on shore during the stay of the division in Cretan waters. The Third Division of the Second Pacific Squadron, which consists of the cruisers *Oleg*, *Izumrud*, *Rion* (*Peterburg*), *Dnieper* (*Smolensk*), and *Terek*, with eight torpedo-boats, left Libau on Nov. 17, and was off Bornholm at noon on the same day. They anchored in Skaw Bay on Nov. 20, and were to remain there to coal the torpedo-boats and to await better weather. This division, it is understood, will eventually join that which is making its way through the Red Sea. The action of the destroyer *Rastoropni* in entering Chifu with the deliberate object of communicating with the Russian Government, and the subsequent sinking of the ship in the harbour, is rightly regarded as a violation of Chinese neutrality.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

OUR ROYAL VISITORS. In our last week's number we recorded the arrival of the King and Queen of Portugal at Portsmouth, on their approach to which they received a splendid naval welcome. Very soon after the royal yacht had been berthed at the South Railway Jetty the King and Queen, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, proceeded by train to Windsor, which was *en fête* for the occasion. As the royal train entered the Great Western Railway station at Windsor, King Edward and Queen Alexandra, accompanied by



Photo. Russell.
THE LATE EARL OF
NORTHBROOK,
FORMERLY VICEROY OF INDIA.

Princess Victoria and the suite, were in waiting, to bid their guests welcome. The King was wearing the uniform of the King Edward VII. Portuguese Regiment of Cavalry; and his Majesty and King Carlos, who was in the uniform of an Admiral of the British Fleet, exchanged greetings even before the train had come to a standstill. As King Carlos alighted, King Edward advanced, and saluted him affectionately, and then helped Queen Amélie to descend from the carriage, bowing low as he clasped her hand. King Carlos then approached Queen Alexandra with a very deep reverence, and thereafter followed the salutations between the two Queens. The Mayor of Windsor presented an address from the Corporation, and his daughter, Miss Dora Shipley, presented a bouquet to the Queen of Portugal. The royal party thereafter drove to Windsor Castle along a route lined by military and by cheering crowds. The day following their Majesties' arrival was devoted to shooting. Unfortunately King Edward, owing to slight lameness, could not take a gun; but King Carlos and the Prince of Wales, with a numerous party including the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian, and the Marquis de Soveral, enjoyed excellent sport in Windsor Great Park. In the evening the King gave a State banquet in St. George's Hall, at which his Majesty entertained his royal guests, his Ministers, and the chief members of the Diplomatic Body. The King, in rising to propose the health of the King and Queen of Portugal, referred to the ancient alliance between Great Britain and that country, and announced that on that day, Nov. 16, there had been concluded at Windsor a treaty of arbitration between England and Portugal. King Carlos, who replied in French, recalled King Edward's recent visit to Lisbon, and, after reciprocating the expressions of good feeling, proposed his Majesty's health and that of the Queen. Next day, Nov. 17, Dom Carlos and Queen Amélie journeyed to London, where, despite the truly November weather, they enjoyed a reception that was anything but dull. At the Guildhall the Lord Mayor entertained their Majesties at luncheon, and in the speeches of the King and the Chief Magistrate the old tie between the City of London and the Portuguese nation was cemented. The same evening, at Windsor, Mr. Beerbohm Tree's theatrical company appeared by royal command in "A Man's Shadow."



Photo. Russell.
THE EARL OF NORTHBROOK,
SUCCEEDED TO THE TITLE ON
NOVEMBER 15.

for Chatsworth to be the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

OUR PORTRAITS. Nearly twenty years have sped since Thomas George Baring, first Earl of Northbrook, figured prominently before the public, and to the present generation he was little, if anything, more than a name, vaguely connected with the political life of the 'seventies and 'eighties; but that he is worthy of remembrance is certain, although some of the younger members of political factions, to whom youth and to-day are the only realities, the only things calling for consideration, would doubtless have us believe otherwise. Born, as it were, a legislator, for his father, the first Baron Northbrook, was an office-holder under the Whig Ministries of Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston, Lord Northbrook entered the House of Commons in 1857, at the comparatively early age of thirty-one, after the useful training afforded by private secretaryships. In 1857 and 1858 he was one of the Junior Lords of the Admiralty, a taste of office followed by his appointment as Under-Secretary of State for India, for War, and for the Home Department, and, on the assassination of Lord Mayo in 1872, by his selection to fill the post of Viceroy and Governor-General of India. After four years of somewhat uneventful administration in our greatest dependency, he returned to England, and became First

Lord of the Admiralty under Mr. Gladstone, but split with his chief on the Home Rule Question, and held no further office. Lord Northbrook married Elizabeth Harriet, daughter of the late Henry Charles Sturt, in 1848.

Francis George, Viscount Baring, who succeeds his father as Earl of Northbrook, was born in Florence in 1850, and has served in the Rifle Brigade and in the Grenadier Guards. He has represented Winchester and the Northern Division of Bedfordshire in the House of Commons, both in the Liberal interest.

Mr. Anthony Alfred Bowlby, the new Surgeon to the King's Household, is surgeon and lecturer on surgery at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and served with the Portland Hospital in South Africa. He is an F.R.C.S. and a C.M.G.

The Rev. Thomas Fowler, D.D., F.S.A., and Hon. LL.D., of Edinburgh, who died on Nov. 20, aged seventy-two, was for twenty-three years President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Educated at King William's College, Isle of Man, he was elected to a postmastership at Merton College in 1850, took a double first in classics and mathematics four years later, and four years later still won the Denyer and Johnson Theological Essay Prize.



Photo. G. G. Bain.
THE SUBLIMELY RIDICULOUS DR. DOWIE: "ELIJAH II."
IN HIS NEW "APOSTOLIC" ROBES.

He was chosen a Fellow and tutor of Lincoln College in 1855, and subsequently acted as Proctor, as Professor of Logic, as Vice-Chancellor of the University, as a member of the Hebdomadal Council, and as a perpetual delegate of the University Press. He was a prolific writer, and was well known for his "Elements of Deductive Logic" and his "Elements of Inductive Logic," both of which have been adopted as text-books for the University examinations for many years.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN CONVENTION. Diplomacy seems to have surmounted the difficulties in the framing of the Convention between England and Russia. It is now understood that the International Commission will fix the responsibility for the North Sea affair wherever they find it. It pleases Russia to think that British or Japanese will be found culpable. The Board of Trade inquiry at Hull shows that the fishermen were blameless. If Russia can prove that



Photo. Chusseau-Flaviens.
IN DEFIANCE OF MINISTERIAL ADVICE: KING ALFONSO
DRIVING A MOTOR-CAR.

The Spanish Ministers, doubtless remembering the possibility of a Carlist succession should anything untoward happen to King Alfonso, are said to have objected strongly to his Majesty driving a car.

torpedo-boats were sold by a British firm to the Japanese, and introduced by Oriental magic into the trawling fleet, she is welcome. If it soothes her susceptibilities, at any rate, to have this question left open, nobody in this country can object. The Russian Press declared that she would never consent to let any foreign tribunal sit in judgment on her officers. But she has consented. The tribunal will not inflict punishment; but if punishment should be called for, the Tsar will be bound by his pledge to give his culpable officers their deserts.

THE INTERVIEW WITH ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF.

Official Russia is agitated at the publicity given to the interview which the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Echo de Paris* had with Admiral Alexeieff. Especially is it troubled by the statement, credited to the Admiral, that on the day of the first attack made by the Japanese, a telegram reached Port Arthur saying: "The rupture of negotiations does not signify the beginning of war, which will be evaded." In view of the fact that such a telegram could only be dispatched from an authoritative source, the Official Agency has made inquiries at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and now states definitely that no message indicating the possibility of a peaceful solution of the crisis then existing was sent to Port Arthur by the Foreign Ministry. It is argued, therefore, that, as Russia's Viceroy in the Far East is hardly likely to have founded his actions on an unofficial communication, the interviewer misinterpreted the Admiral's remarks in this particular at all events.



Photo. Jerrard.
MR. A. A. BOWLBY, F.R.C.S.,
NEW SURGEON TO THE KING'S
HOUSEHOLD.

THE BELATED STATUE.

The world had almost forgotten the statue of Frederick the Great which the Kaiser presented to the American people. At the time the conditions were not favourable to such a gift. Certain memories of what happened in Manila Bay, when the German squadron had to be warned by Admiral Dewey against meddling, did not make America look kindly on the Emperor's bounty. But as the diplomatic sky is clearer now, it was thought expedient to unveil the statue of Frederick at Washington, where it should be an object of rather puzzled interest to Congressmen and their constituents. President Roosevelt made a very tactful speech, in which he praised both Frederick and the Kaiser, without using any "soft sawder." He said it was the interest of America to promote goodwill throughout the civilised world, and the new Hague Conference will certainly be an earnest of that desire.

THE NEW FRENCH WAR MINISTER.

It is interesting to note that General André has been succeeded at the French Ministry of War by a civilian. M. Berteaux is a stockbroker, and also a Socialist—a rather unusual combination. What would become of the Bourse under a system of pure Socialism we do not know; but it can scarcely be reconciled with the Socialist ideal for the distribution of wealth. Master of a fortune, M. Berteaux has made a considerable figure in politics already. He is in close sympathy with General André, whose policy he will carry on, probably without the help of some of his predecessor's methods. The espionage in the army has given great offence to public opinion; but the efforts of the Opposition to utilise this feeling for the overthrow of the Combes Ministry may produce a reaction. M. Berteaux is determined, at all events, that the army shall be Republican, and the enemies of the Republic have gained nothing by the change of Ministers. General André is still suffering from the effects of M. Syveton's assault and battery, and that personage is endeavouring to make himself out a patriot.



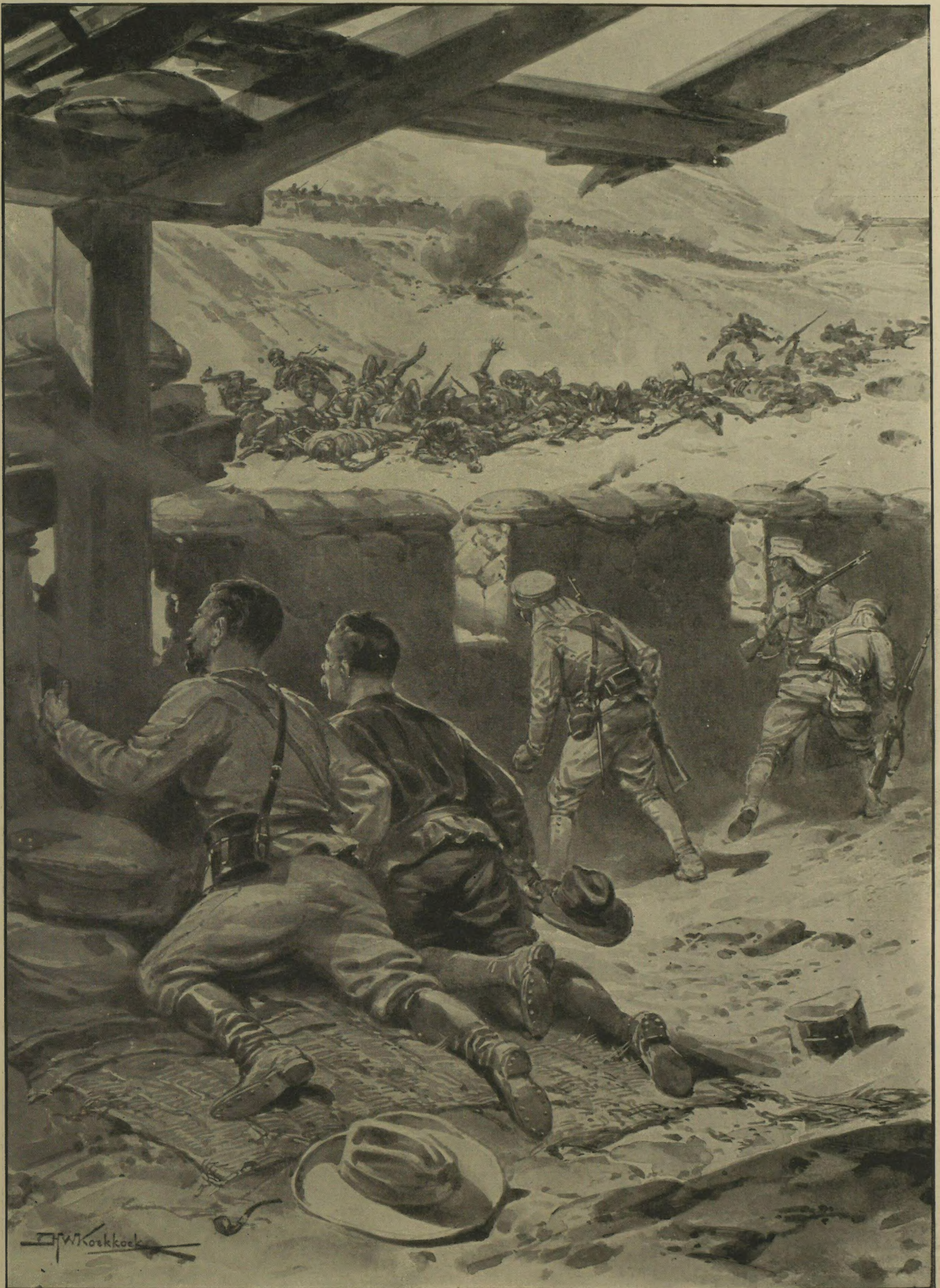
Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE REV. THOMAS
FOWLER, D.D.,
PRESIDENT OF CORPUS CHRISTI
COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE HUNGARIAN PARLIAMENT.

Count Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, is engaged in a drastic effort to strangle the obstruction which has paralysed the Hungarian Parliament for some time. He is denounced by the Opposition as a tyrant who wishes to suppress freedom and the Constitution. His opponents believe that they are constitutionally entitled to prevent the majority from ruling at all, as if it were the object of a Parliamentary Constitution to make itself null and void. We settled the question of obstruction in the House of Commons more than twenty years ago by the adoption of the closure, for the very purpose of giving the majority the rights of a majority. It was argued then that the minority had the right to stifle legislation by obstruction; but that contention was rejected by the commonsense of the country. Nobody pretends now that the closure is any bar to true freedom of debate. The Hungarian Opposition is really striking at the very foundations of the Parliamentary system, which is intended to give effect to the wishes of the people as expressed in a General Election.

THE GHASTLIEST POST BEFORE PORT ARTHUR: THE THIRTY-MINUTE TRENCH.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK, FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL AND THE ONLY ARTIST BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.



Mr. Villiers, "Illustrated London News."

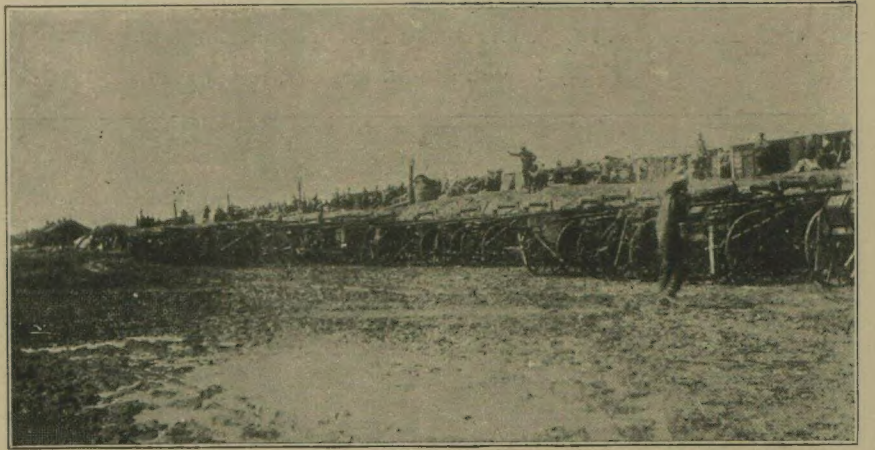
Mr. Barry, "San Francisco Chronicle."

THE UNBURIED DEAD OF FORMER ASSAULTS: HORRORS OF THE THIRTY-MINUTE TRENCH (WHERE THE DEFENDERS MUST BE RELIEVED EVERY HALF-HOUR).

MR. VILLIERS WRITES: "The upper part of the Banduzan position forms a bone of contention between the Russians and the Japanese. In some places the enemy's works are so near that the dead of the last assault cannot be removed. The stench of the corpses and the nearness of the Russians, who are less than a hundred yards away, make the trench very perilous and ghastly. The men who occupy it are therefore relieved every thirty minutes."



THE RUSSIAN RETREAT ON MUKDEN: TROOPS ORDERED TO RETIRE ENTRAINING ON THE LIAO-YANG-MUKDEN RAILWAY.

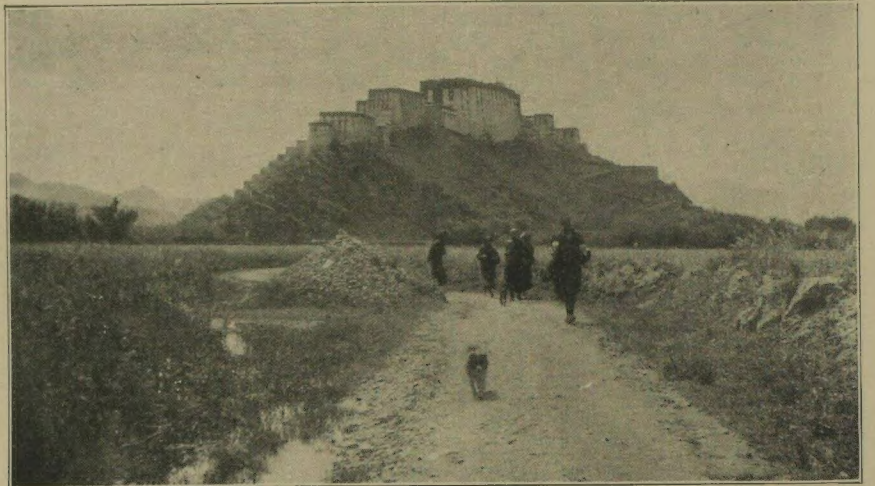


THE RUSSIAN RETREAT FROM LIAO-YANG: LOADING UP AMMUNITION-WAGONS FROM THE TRANSPORT TRAIN.



ONE OF THE FIVE BEAUTIES OF LASSA: THE COVERED BRIDGE KNOWN AS THE YUTOK SAMPA, OR THE TURQUOISE BRIDGE.

The bridge is popularly called one of the "five beauties of Lassa"; but the name is scarcely justified, although the roof is picturesque enough, with its weather-beaten tiles, in which the underlying red contrasts with the worn glaze.



STONES OF REMEMBRANCE: PILGRIMS CASTING STONES ON A HEAP AS THEY PASS ALONG THE LING KOR, OR SACRED WAY, TO LASSA.

The Ling Kor is the Via Sacra of Tibet. As it approaches the Potala, it winds through a wide, well-cultivated plain between great fields of peas and wheat. Pilgrims celebrate their entrance into the plain by adding a stone to the many rude cairns that occur at intervals on the road.



WESTERN SPORTS IN THE IMMEMORIAL EAST: A FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN THE ROYAL ARTILLERY AND THE ROYAL FUSILIERS AT LASSA.

Thomas Atkins, on his mission to Tibet, did not forget his football, and the plains under the shadow of the Asiatic mountains saw many such peaceful combats as that depicted above.



THE WINTER EQUIPMENT OF THE TIBETAN MISSION: TWO GURKHA SEPOYS EQUIPPED FOR AN EXPEDITION FROM LASSA.

On its return from Lassa the British Mission was overtaken by all the rigours of winter, but the casualty list was light, owing, doubtless, to the warm equipment of the troops.

THE RETURN FROM LASSA: PHOTOGRAPHS BROUGHT BACK BY A MEMBER OF THE MISSION.



Photo. National Press Association.

THE KAISER'S GIFT TO THE UNITED STATES: THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

This imperial gift to the greatest of all Republics was unveiled at Washington on November 19.—[SEE ARTICLE.]



The King.

Photo. Russell.

THE KING'S VISIT TO MR. AND MRS. WILLIE JAMES: HIS MAJESTY SHOOTING IN THE ARBORETUM AT WEST DEAN PARK, MR. JAMES'S RESIDENCE, ON A FORMER OCCASION.

The King's visit began on November 22. The occasion is all the more remarkable because the Sovereign seldom stays under a commoner's roof.

HINDERING THE JAPANESE SAPPERS: A RUSSIAN NIGHT ATTACK ON THE ENGINEERS IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.

Banduzan or Watch Tower Forts.

Old Chinese Wall, Loopholed for Defence by Russians.

Star-Shell.



Some Japanese Defending Themselves with Picks and Shovels.

THE RUSSIAN NIGHT ASSAULT ON THE JAPANESE SAPPERS AND MINERS CUTTING PARALLELS ON BANDUZAN, OCTOBER 2.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL AND THE ONLY ARTIST BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.

MR. VILLIERS WRITES: "Nearly every night the Russians attempt to stop the Japanese advancing their trenches, and sometimes the fighting lasts many hours under the star-shell and the searchlights of the enemy. This sortie which I witnessed developed into a fight that lasted for six hours. Some Japanese defended themselves with picks and shovels." Note.—The Banduzan forts (Chinese name, Pan-lung-shan) occupy two towering spurs south-east of the Erhiung, or Double Dragon forts, in the eastern line of defence.

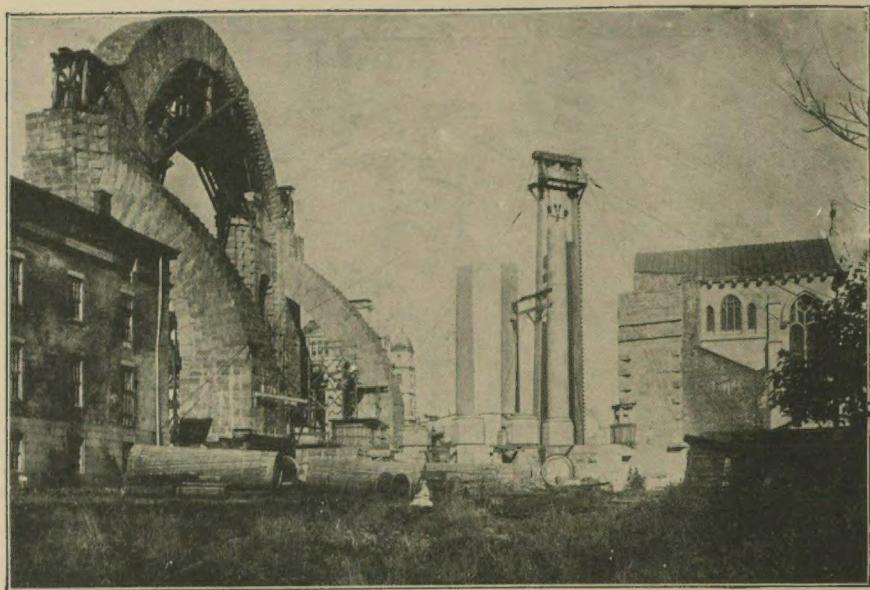


Photo. Hayward.

BUILDING THE BIGGEST CATHEDRAL IN THE WORLD: THE VISIBLE RESULT OF FOURTEEN YEARS' WORK.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine at New York is to take seventy-five years to build, and will be one-third larger than Cologne Cathedral. The tremendous arch represents one-third of the total height of the structure, and is one of four that will support the steeple.

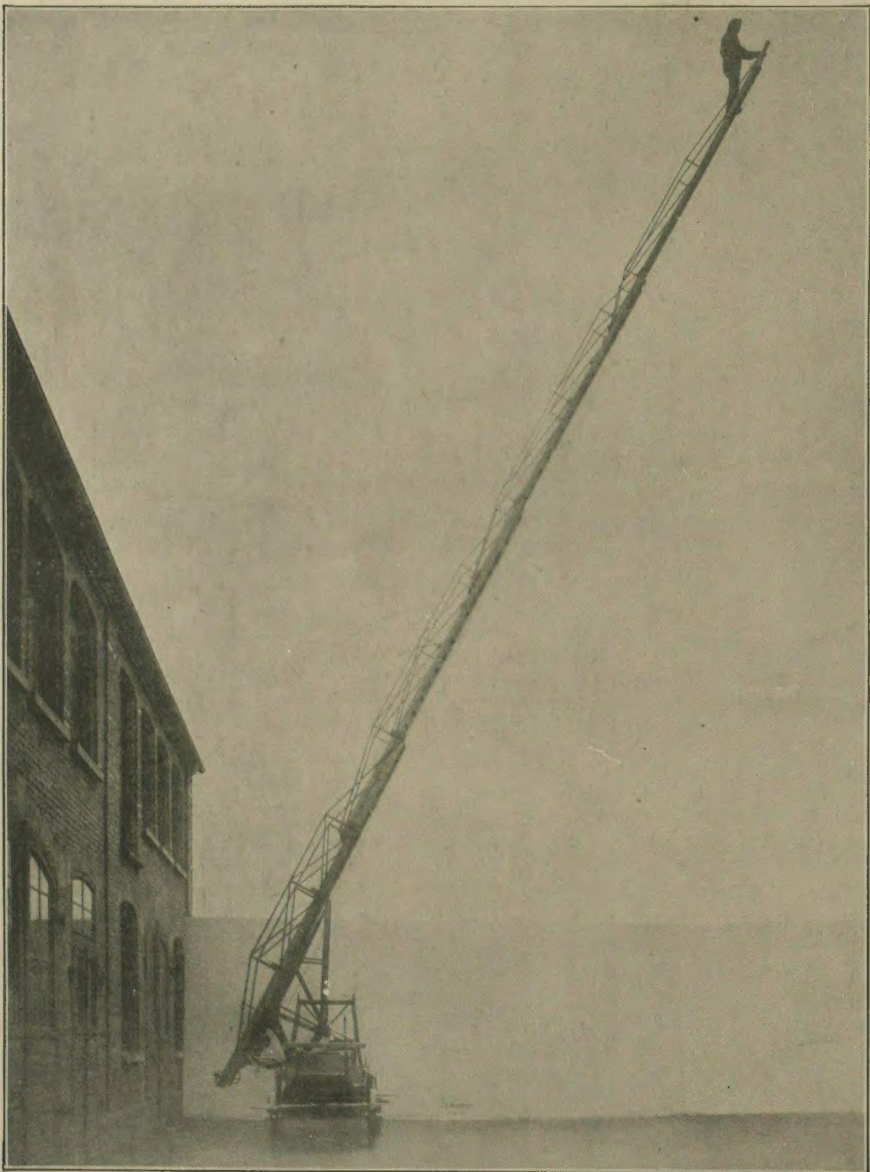


Photo. Topical Press.

THE FIRST SELF-BALANCING FIRE-ESCAPE IN ENGLAND.

This ladder has been used with great success in Manchester. It needs no supporting wall, and is very useful for raising firemen with their hose to a point far above a flaming structure.

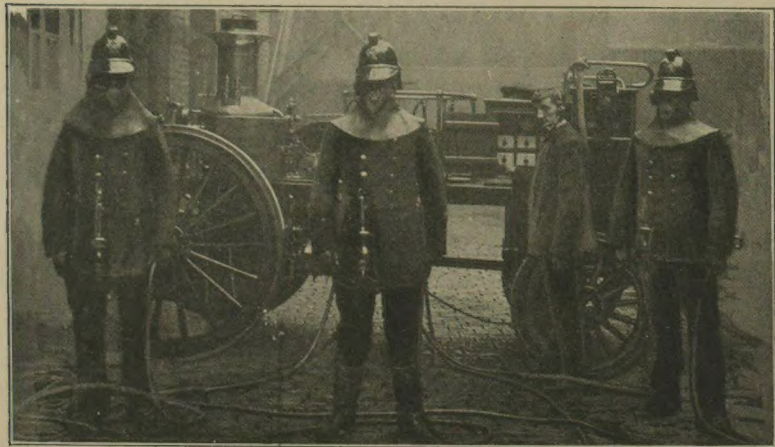


Photo. Topical Press.

THE TELEPHONE FIRE-HELMET, AS USED AT MANCHESTER.

The smoke-cap beneath the helmet protects the eyes and nostrils, and a telephone apparatus enables the fireman to summon aid should he be overpowered within the burning building.

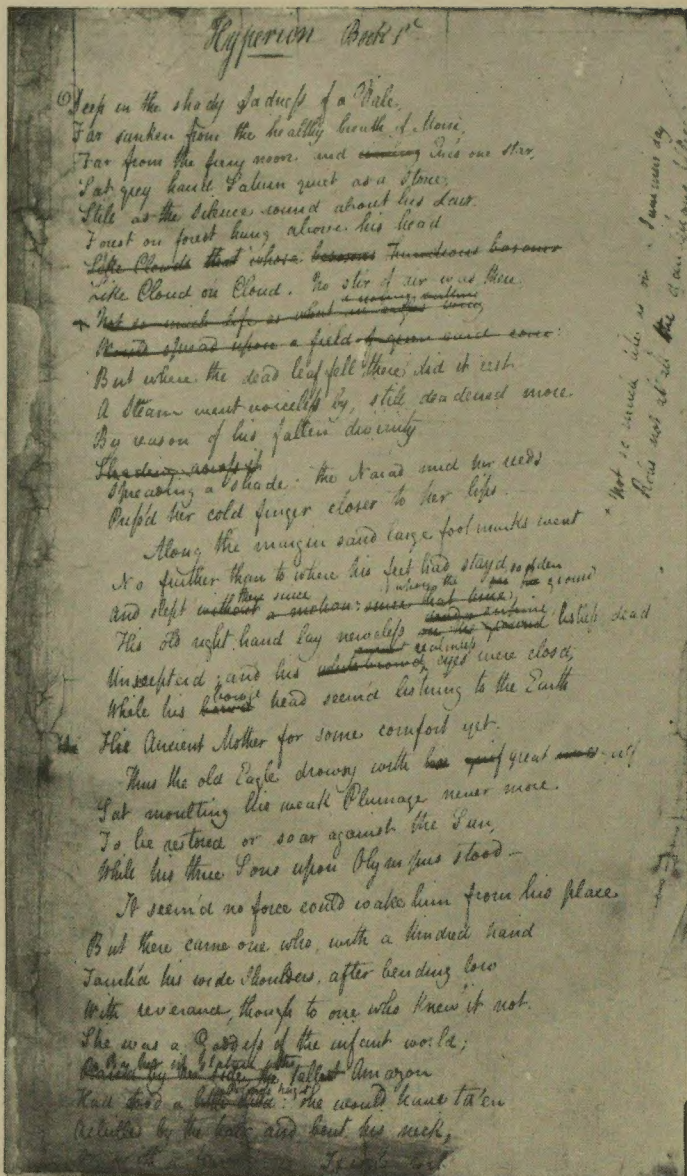


Photo. by Permission of British Museum.

A KEATS MANUSCRIPT, RECENTLY ADDED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

This manuscript was probably originally intended for the press by Keats. His erasures, however, were so many that he finally entrusted his friend Woodhouse with the task of making a fair copy. The most interesting variant is the marginal reading—"Robs not at all the dandelion's fleece," which stands in the final printed form—"Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass."

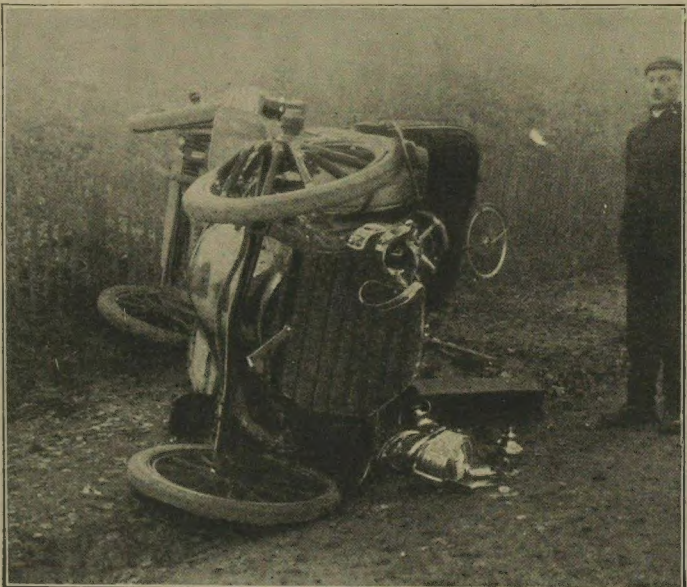


Photo. Loveland.

A MOTOR-CAR SMASHED ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY.

This car was carrying a doctor summoned to attend Lord Northbrook in his last illness, when it was overturned and wrecked.

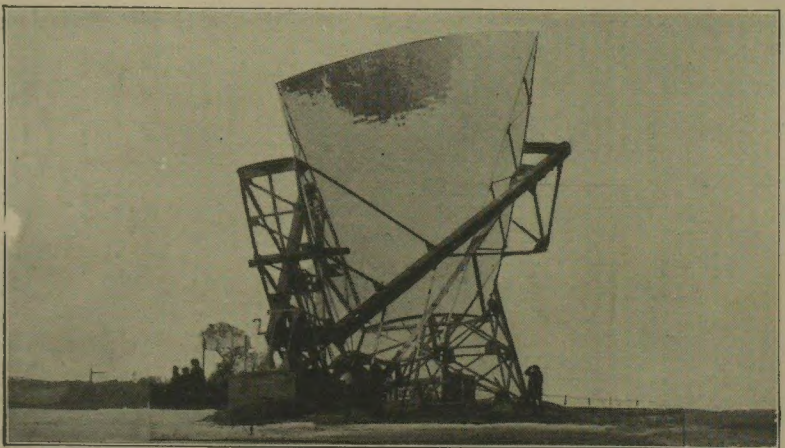
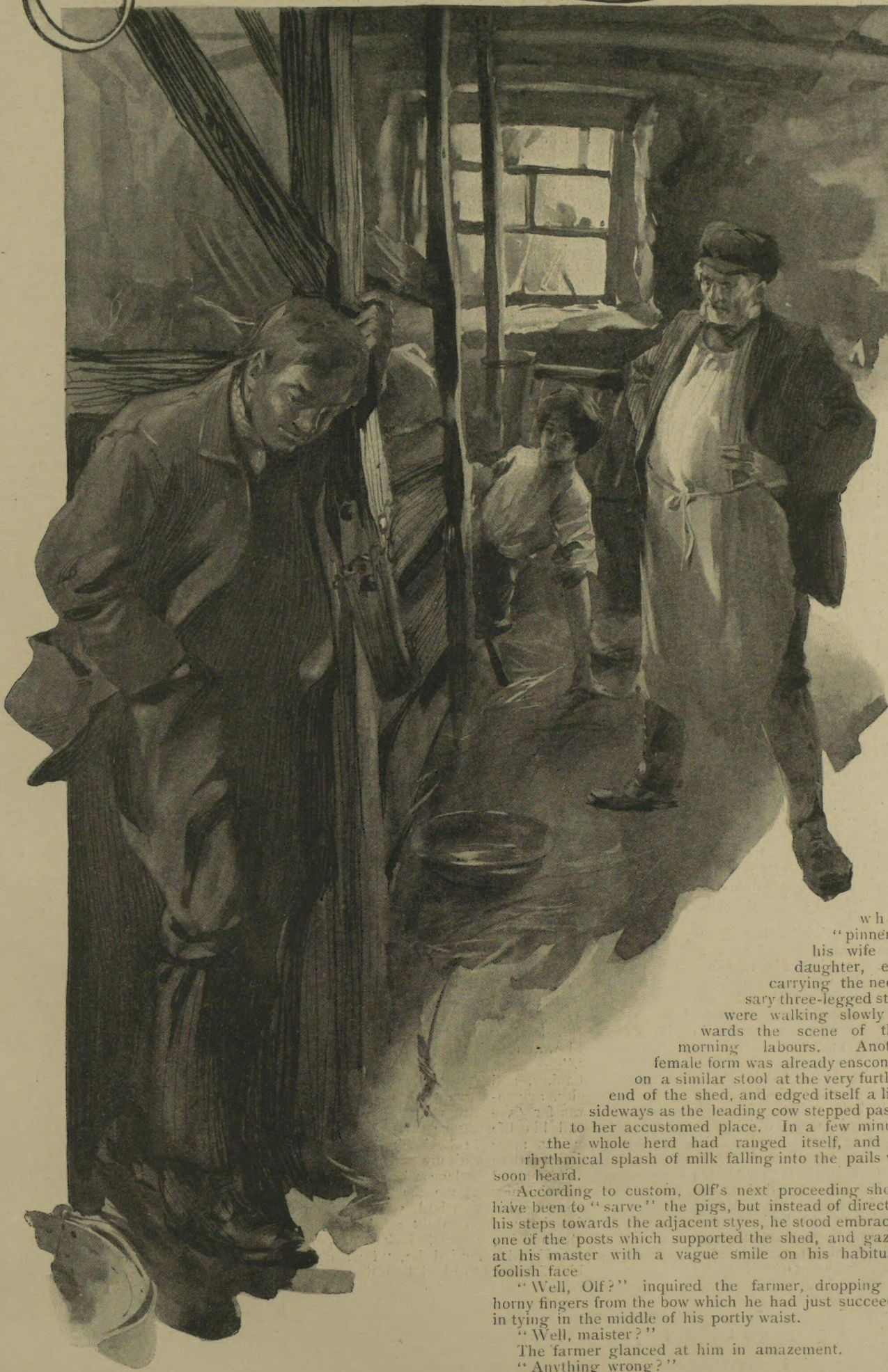


Photo. Schussler.

HARNESSING THE SUN'S RAYS: A SOLAR REDUCING FURNACE AT ST. LOUIS.

This furnace is the invention of Professor Himalya, a Portuguese savant. It contains three thousand small reflectors, and procures a temperature of six thousand degrees Centigrade. The focus can be made to follow the sun the whole day.

OLF AND THE LITTLE MAID

BY M. E. FRANCIS
ILLUSTRATION BY RUSSELL FLINT.

OLF drove the cows up from their pasture by the river, whistling all the way, as was his wont. It was not a particularly tuneful whistle, for he had no ear for music; nevertheless, blending as it did with the morning ecstasies of a particularly early lark, with the chirp of the newly awakened nestlings in the rambling hedges, with the drone of the first bee, with the thousand and one other sounds of the summer dawn, these vacillating notes added something to the general harmony. As his troop of cows plodded tranquilly in front of him, they made green tracks in the dewy sheen of the fields, the silvery uniformity of which had hitherto been unbroken save for the print of Olf's own footsteps, large and far apart, where he had stridden forth half an hour before to gather together his charges.

Arrived at the open gate, the cows passed solemnly through, crossed the road, and turned up the narrow lane which led to Farmer Inkpen's premises, made their way to the shed at the further end, and took possession each of her own stall.

The farmer had just emerged from the house, and was in the act of tying the strings of his

white "pinner"; his wife and daughter, each carrying the necessary three-legged stool, were walking slowly towards the scene of their morning labours. Another female form was already ensconced on a similar stool at the very furthest end of the shed, and edged itself a little sideways as the leading cow stepped past it to her accustomed place. In a few minutes the whole herd had ranged itself, and the rhythmical splash of milk falling into the pails was soon heard.

According to custom, Olf's next proceeding should have been to "sarve" the pigs, but instead of directing his steps towards the adjacent styes, he stood embracing one of the posts which supported the shed, and gazing at his master with a vague smile on his habitually foolish face.

"Well, Olf?" inquired the farmer, dropping his horny fingers from the bow which he had just succeeded in tying in the middle of his portly waist.

"Well, maister?"

The farmer glanced at him in amazement.

"Anything wrong?"

The smile on Olf's face expanded into a grin. Clasp the post still more firmly with one hand, he swung himself round it to the full length of his arm, then swung himself back again and became suddenly serious.

"Nay, Sir, nay, there's nothin' wrong. I thought I mid just so well show you this 'ere."

Down went his hand into the depths of his pocket, from which, after producing sundry articles of no particular interest to anyone but their owner, he drew forth a piece of paper, folded small, and soiled with much fingering.

Farmer Inkpen smoothed out this document and read it, his jaw dropping with amazement when he had mastered its contents. He stared at Olf, who stared back at him with palpably increasing nervousness.

"Whatever is it?" cried Mrs. Inkpen, thrusting her head round from behind the dappled flank of her particular cow. "No bad noos, I hope."

"Bad noos!" ejaculated her husband, recovering his wits and his voice together. "What d'ye think? Olf, there, has come into a fortun'."

"Never!" exclaimed Mrs. Inkpen, craning her neck as far as she could round her charge, but not

ceasing for a moment in her occupation. "Y o o u don't say so."

"However did ye manage that, Olf?"

cried Annie Inkpen. And the spurt of the milk into her pail ceased for a moment.

"'Tis a prize-drawin'," explained her father, speaking for Olf, who was

notoriously slow with his tongue. "He've a-been and took a ticket in one o' them Dutch lotteries."

"Four on 'em," interrupted Olf, with unexpected promptitude.

"Eh?" inquired his master, turning round to look at him.

"I say I did take four on 'em," repeated

Olf. "They was a-talking about it in the town, and they said two tickets gave ye a better chance nor one, and four was the best of all. So I did settle to take four."

"Well, what have ye got? How much is the prize?" cried the "missus," now mightily excited and feeling more at leisure to gratify her curiosity, as the time had come for "stripping" her cow.

"A thousand pounds, no less," shouted her lord before Olf could open his mouth. "Why, Olf's as good as a gentleman now. Lard, I never had the layin' out of a thousand pounds in my life! Why, ye can take a bigger farm nor this if ye do like—and ye can stock it straight off wi'out being beholden to anybody."

Olf, who had again been swinging himself round the post, now paused to digest this astonishing piece of information.

Mrs. Inkpen cackled as she picked up her stool and proceeded to operate on the next of the long row.

"Why, he'll be settin' up so grand as you please," she cried. "He'll be gettin' married first off, I should think. 'Tain't no use tryin' to work a farm wi'out a missus."

At this juncture light steps were heard pattering over the cobble-stones, and Maggie Fry, from the village in the "dip," came up, jug in hand, to fetch the milk for her father's breakfast.

"What do you think?" shouted Annie, raising herself a little from her seat in order to judge of the effect which her announcement would produce upon Maggie, who was a crony of hers. "What do you think, Maggie? Here's Olfred Boyt come into a fortun'. He've a-been and won the thousand-pound prize in one of them Dutch Bank drawin's—he is a rich man this mornin'."

"'E is," chimed in her mother with a crow of laughter. "I am just tellin' him 'e'll have to look out for a wife first thing. Mr. Farmer Boyt must have a missus to look after the grand noo property he'll be a-goin' to buy."

"Ah! sure he will," cried the farmer.

Olf swung himself round the post once more, and then, slowly regaining his former place, gazed thoughtfully at Annie, whose fair curly head was delicately outlined against the golden-red flank of her cow.

"I'd as soon 'ave you as anyone, Annie," he remarked hesitatingly.

"Me!" cried Annie, jumping up and knocking over her stool. "Of all the impudence! Me, Olf? Your master's daughter?"

Her pretty face was flushed to the temples, her eyes were flashing fire. Her mother and father burst into loud laughter, in which Maggie joined.

"I do 'low he isn't very slack once he do make up his mind," cried the farmer, wiping his eyes. "'Tis a bit strong—I will say 'tis a bit strong, Olf."

"I'll be a master myself now," explained Olf, looking from one to the other, "and I'd as soon have Annie as anyone," he added, with conviction.

"Well, I'd a deal sooner not have you," ejaculated Annie, picking up her stool and sitting down again with a suddenness that betokened great perturbation of mind. "I think it is most awful cheeky of you, Olf, to ask me, and I don't see as it is any laughing matter."

Thereupon she fell to work again, the milk falling into her pail in a jerky manner.

Olf, after contemplating for a moment the resolute outline of the back presented to him so decidedly, slowly turned his gaze upon Maggie, who still stood by, laughing and dangling her jug.

"Will you have me, Maggie?" he inquired pleasantly.

"Dear heart-alive!" ejaculated the farmer; while his wife once more gave utterance to a shout of laughter.

It was now Maggie's turn to flush and look disconcerted. "I'm not goin' to put up wi' Annie's leavings," she cried indignantly. "The idea! I s'pose you reckon any maid is to be picked up for the axing, Olfred Boyt. You think you have nothin'

more to do nor just p'int your finger at the first one you fancy, and she'll have you straight off. A pretty notion!"

"A pretty notion indeed!" cried Annie. "And a pretty figure he'd be to go out a-coortin'!"

"E-es," resumed Maggie, with ever-increasing indignation, "a pretty figure, I d'low. Tell ye what, Olf, next time you go a-coortin' ye'd best wash your face first."

"Ah! 'tis true. 'Twould be a good notion," laughed the farmer. "Ye bain't exactly the kind o' figure a maid 'ud jump at."

Olf raised a grimy hand to his sunburnt face as though to ascertain what manner of appearance it presented. It was true he had not washed it that morning, but there was nothing surprising in that. It would, indeed, have been a manifestly sinful waste of soap and water to perform one's ablutions before "savin'" the pigs. In fact, according to established custom, Olf's toilet was accomplished at a late hour in the afternoon, when his labours were concluded. The condition of his chin would have at once announced to any experienced observer that it was then the middle of the week; from the appearance of his garments he might have recently effected a change with a tolerably respectable scarecrow. Altogether, after a moment's reflection, Olf felt that Maggie's point of view was justified, and that he was not precisely the kind of figure to go courting at such short notice. Presently he remarked reflectively, "Ah, 'tis true, I mid 'ave washed myself a bit afore axing the question. I will next time."

Then he held out his hand to the farmer for the paper, pocketed it and went shambling across the yard towards the corner where the pig-bucket stood.

Except for the clatter of the cans and the sound of the spurting milk, silence reigned for a moment in the shed after his departure. The farmer stood scratching his chin meditatively, while the women-folk appeared also lost in thought.

Presently Mrs. Inkpen's voice sounded muffled from behind her cow. "A thousand pounds, mind ye, isn't to be picked up every day."

"It bain't," cried her husband.

Annie tossed her head. "He be a regular sammy," she remarked.

"And 'tisn't as if a maid hadn't plenty of other chaps to walk with," chimed in Maggie.

From the furthest corner a little voice suddenly sounded, "He be a very kind man, Olf be. He be a very kind man."

"Do you think so, Kitty," called out the farmer good-naturedly. "Hark to the little maid. You think Olf be a kind mah, do ye, Kitty?"

"Don't talk so much, and mind your work, Kitty," said Mrs. Inkpen severely. "You will have to be looking out for somebody else to take Olf's place—that's what I'm thinking," she remarked presently to her husband. "'Tis a pity—Olf be a bit of a sammy, as Annie do say, but he is a good worker and never gives no trouble. I could wish somebody else had won the fortun'."

When the milking was concluded, the farmer and his women-folk went in to breakfast, Maggie having taken her departure some minutes before.

As the cows began to troop pasturewards again, Olf, standing by the yard gate, noticed a girl's figure come darting forth from the obscurity of the shed. It was Kitty, a workhouse-bred orphan whom Mrs. Inkpen had engaged as general help in house and dairy. She was a little creature, small and slight, with a round freckled face and flaming red hair. I say "flaming" advisedly, for it seemed to give forth as well as to receive light. Her face, habitually pink and white, was now extremely pink all over as she paused opposite Olf; a dimple peeped in and out near the corner of her mouth, and her teeth flashed in a smile that was half shy and half mischievous.

"Please, Olf," said she, "if you are lookin' for a wife I'm willin' to have ye."

Olf, who had been about to pass through the gate in the rear of his charges, wheeled about and faced her, scratching his jaw meditatively.

"Oh, are you, Kitty?" said he.

"E-es," said Kitty, nodding emphatically.

Olf eyed her thoughtfully, and then his eyes reverted to the cows, which, after the perverse manner of their kind, were nibbling at the quickset hedge over the way.

"Who-ope! who-ope!" he called warningly, and then once more glanced at Kitty. "We'll talk about that 'ere when I come back," he remarked, and then sauntered forth, pulling the rickety gate to after him.

Kitty paused a moment with a puzzled look, and then, being a philosophical young person, picked up her pail and betook herself indoors.

She had finished a somewhat perfunctory breakfast and was on her knees scrubbing the doorstep when Olf returned. She heard his footfall crossing the yard, but did not look round; neither did she glance up when his shadow further crossed the sunlit flags. After the necessary pause for adjustment of his ideas, Olf broke the silence.

"You'd be willin' to take me, would ye?" said he.

"E-es," returned Kitty, without raising her head.

Olf paused a moment; then: "You'd like to marry me, would ye, Kitty?"

"E-es," said Kitty again.

"They two other maids wouldn't so much as look at me," pursued Olf, in a ruminative tone. "I wonder what makes ye think you'd like to marry me, maidie?"

Kitty sat back upon her heels and contemplated him gravely, mechanically soaping her scrubbing-brush the while.

"You did carry my pail for I t'other day when 'twas too heavy," she replied presently, "and you did black my shoes on Sunday when I was afraid I would be late for church. And, besides," she added, "I think 'twould be nice to get married; and there—I

be so sick of scrubbing doorsteps and cleaning pots and pans."

"That's it, be it?" said Olf. "But you mid still have to clean pots and pans after we are married, Kitty," he added, with a provident eye to the future. "The missus she do often do a bit of cleaning up, if she be the missus."

"That would be different," returned Kitty. "I shouldn't have no objection to scourin' my own pots and pans."

"True, true," agreed Olf.

Kitty dropped on all-fours again. "Well, I have told ye I'd be willin'," she observed, in somewhat ruffled tones; "but of course ye needn't if ye don't like."

"Who says I don't like?" returned Olf, with unexpected warmth; "I do 'low I do like. I do think it a very good notion, my maid."

Kitty gave a little unexpected giggle, and continued to polish her doorstep with an immense deal of energy. Olf stood by for a moment in silence. Then, to her surprise and, it must be owned, dismay, he turned about and walked slowly away.

If Kitty had been unwilling to turn her head a few moments before, no earthly power would have induced her to glance round at him now; she began to sing blithely and carelessly to herself, and made a great clatter with her pail and scrubbing-brush. Not such a clatter, however, but that after a moment or two she detected the sound of vigorous pumping on the opposite side of the yard, and guessed, from certain subsequent sounds, that Olf was washing his face.

Louder than ever sang Kitty when he presently crossed the yard again and bent over her. But a wave of colour rushed over her downcast face, and even dyed her little white neck. She could hear Olf chuckling, and presently a large finger, moist from recent ablutions, touched her chin.

"Look up a minute, my maid," said Olf.

Kitty looked up; Olf's sunburnt face was scarlet from the result of his late exertions, and was imperfectly dried, but it wore so frank and kindly a smile that the little maid smiled back with absolute confidence.

"So we be to start a-coortin', be we?" inquired Olf pleasantly.

"I do 'low we be," responded Kitty.

"How's that for a beginning, then?" inquired Olf. And thereupon he kissed her.

Towards evening he found a moment for a word with his little sweetheart.

"I be a-goin' over to take this 'ere bit of writin' to the bank to-morrow," said he. "Maister says 'tis the best thing to do. He says they'll keep it and give I money when I do want it. I were a-thinkin', Kitty, I mid make ye a bit of a present—'tis all in the way o' coortin', bain't it? I wonder now what you'd like?"

"Oh!" cried Kitty, her eyes dancing with excitement, "that's real good o' ye, Olf. I can't call to mind as anybody ever gave me a present. I do want a new hat terrible bad!"

"A new hat," repeated Olf; "that's easy got. Wouldn't ye like summat a bit grander—a real handsome present? What would you like best in the world, Kitty?"

"O-o-o-h!" cried Kitty again; and this time her eyes became round with something that was almost awe. "What I'd like best in the whole world, Olf, would be to have a gold watch. I did dream once that I did have a real gold watch as my own, and I never, never, never thought that it mid come true."

"Say no more, maidie," exclaimed Olf with doughty resolution; "you shall have that there gold watch so sure as my name be Olfred Boyt. There now."

Next day Olf duly conferred with his banker, and in an extremely bad hand and with difficulty, accomplished the writing of his first cheque. It was for £5—a sum of money which he had never in all his life hoped to possess at one time. In fact, he was more elated at the sight of the five golden sovereigns than he had been in contemplating his thousand-pound bond. He expended a certain portion of this new wealth on his own personal adornment—having his hair cut at a barber's for the first time in his existence, and investing in a new suit of clothes, the pattern being a check of a somewhat startling description. He also purchased a hat for Kitty, with a wreath of blue flowers, supplemented, at his particular request, by a white feather.

"I did not want for to grudge ye nothin', ye see," he subsequently explained to Kitty; "and this 'ere is the gold watch."

Kitty positively gasped with rapture. It was a very fine watch certainly, extremely yellow, and with a little diapered pattern on the case.

"It cost thirty-five shillings," explained Olf with modest triumph. "'Tis rolled gold, so you may think how good that must be."

Kitty gasped again. Farmer Inkpen possessed a gold watch of a turnip shape and immense weight, but she felt quite sure it was not rolled gold, and in consequence a highly inferior article. She turned towards Olf with a sudden movement and clasped both her little hands about his arm: "I do like ye, Olf," she said, "I do. I do think ye be the kindest man that ever was made. I'll work for ye so hard as I can when I be your missus."

There being no reason to delay the wedding, preparations were made at once for that auspicious event. On the following Sunday the banns were put up. Kitty and Olf paid several visits to the upholsterer's in the neighbouring town and selected sundry articles of furniture, Olf giving orders right and left in a lordly fashion which quite dazzled his future bride. Farmer Inkpen made inquiries with regard to a certain farm which he thought might possibly suit his former assistant, and was, moreover, good enough to promise help and advice in the selection of stock. All, in fact, was proceeding merrily as that marriage-bell which

they both so soon expected to hear, when there came of a sudden a bolt from the blue. The manager of the local bank sent a peremptory message one evening to poor Olf, requesting, or rather ordering, him to call without delay.

The poor fellow obeyed the summons without alarm, without even the faintest suspicion that anything was wrong, and it was indeed with great difficulty that the manager conveyed to him the astounding fact that the precious bond, which was to have been the foundation of his fortune, was so much waste-paper. The prize-drawing had been a swindling concern, and the thousand-pound prize did not exist.

"But I thought you told I that 'ere bit o' paper was a thousand pound," expostulated Olf, when for the fortieth time the manager had explained the state of the case.

"That bit of paper represented a thousand pounds," returned that gentleman, with diminishing patience; "but when we came to collect it, the money wasn't there."

Olf scratched his head and looked at him. "And what be I to do now?" he inquired.

"Why, nothing, I am afraid. I don't suppose you would be able to prosecute them; and even if you had the money to carry on your case, it would not do you much good to get these swindlers punished. You will just have to grin and bear it, my poor fellow. We will give you time, you know—we won't be hard with you."

"Time?" ejaculated Olf, staring at him blankly.

"Yes. We have let you have five pounds on account, you know. That will have to be paid back, of course, but we won't press you. You can let us have little by little."

"Oh," said Olf, "thank ye!" And he went out, absently stroking the check sleeve of the beautiful new suit which had cost him so dear.

He shambled back to the farm and paused by the gate, across which Mr. Inkpen was leaning.

"Hullo, Olf, back again?"

"E-es," said Olf; "I be back again, maister. Ye bain't suited yet, be ye?"

"Not yet," said the farmer; "but ye can't be married afore another fortnight, can ye? I s'pose you'll lend me a hand until you shift?"

"I bain't a-goin' to shift. I bain't a-goin' to get wed. I bain't—" He paused, his lip trembling for a moment piteously like a child's. "It is all a mistake, maister—there bain't no money there."

"Dear to be sure!" cried Farmer Inkpen.

Olf now stood gazing at him. There was a dimness about his eyes, and he bit his lips to stop their quivering.

Mr. Inkpen's loud exclamation caused the women-folk to appear on the scene, and in a moment the entire household was assembled and plying Olf with questions.

"There is nothin' more to tell ye," he said at last. "'Tis a mistake. There bain't no money there. I can't take no farm. I must ax the folk o' the shop to keep that 'ere furniture and things. I have made no fortun'—I be just the same as I was afore, 'cept as I have a-got to pay back a matter of five pounds to the bank."

Little Kitty stood by, growing red and pale in turn and fingering the watch in her waistband. All at once she gave a loud sob, and rushed away.

Olf had finished his work and was going dejectedly homewards that night, when, in the narrow lane which led from the farm towards the village, he was waylaid by a well-known figure. It was Kitty. Her eyes were filled with tears, her face was very pale, yet nevertheless there was a note of triumph in her voice.

"I've been to the town, Olf," she cried. "I didn't want ye to be at a loss through me; and the folks was kind. They took back the watch all right and gave the thirty-five shillin' back for it. They wouldn't take back the hat at the shop where you got it, along o' my wearin' it, you know. They did tell me of a place where they buy second-hand things, and they gave me seven shillin' for it there. So that won't be so bad, will it? You can pay that much to the bank straight off."

Olf looked at her dejectedly. "There, my maid," cried he, "I wish ye hadn't done that. I could wish ye had kept them two things what I did give ye—'twas all I could do for ye. We can never do all we'd like to do now."

Kitty sobbed.

"I take it very kind o' ye to be so feelin'," said Olf. "I could wish we could have got wed, my maid. I'd ha' been a lovin' husband, and I do 'low you'd ha' been a lovin' wife."

"I would," sobbed Kitty.

"But there, 'tis all over, bain't it? I be nothin' but a poor chap earnin' of a poor wage. You be a vitty maid too good for the likes o' me. I'll never have a wife now."

"I don't see that," said Kitty in a low voice. She was hanging her head and drawing patterns with the point of her shoe in the sandy soil.

Olf stared at her, and then repeated his statement. "A poor man earnin' of a poor wage, Kitty. I'll never have a wife."

"Why not?" said Kitty, almost inarticulately.

"Many poor men get wed, Olf," said Olf, he cried; "Kitty, do ye mean you'd take me now wi'out no fortun', and just as I be? You'd never take me now, Kitty!"

"I would," said Kitty, and she hid her face on his patched shoulder and burst into tears.

"Then I don't care about nothin'," cried Olf valiantly. "If you would really like it, Kitty, say no more."

"I would," said Kitty again. And then, raising her head, she smiled at him through her tears. "But don't tell nobody I axed ye," said she.

THE END.

THE NEW LINK IN THE CHAIN OF ANGLO-PORTUGUESE TREATIES: THE POLITICAL
ANNOUNCEMENT BY KING EDWARD AT THE WINDSOR BANQUET.

Prince Christian.

Princess of Wales.

Dom Carlos I.

The Queen



The King.

Queen Amélie.

Prince of Wales.

THE KING PROPOSING THE TOAST OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, AND ANNOUNCING THE CONCLUSION OF AN ARBITRATION
TREATY BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND PORTUGAL, NOVEMBER 16.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WINDSOR.

ROMANTIC, HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL.

Nostromo: A Tale of the Seaboard. By Joseph Conrad. (London: Harpers. 6s.)
Teresa of Watling Street. By Arnold Bennett. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
Jena or Sedan. From the German of Franz Adam Beyerlein. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
The Countries of the King's Award. By Colonel Sir Thomas Holdich, K.C.M.G. (London: Hurst and Blackett. 16s.)
A History of South America, 1855-1901. By Chas. Edmond Akers. (London: John Murray.)
The Story of My Struggles. The Memoirs of Arminius Vambéry. Two vols. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 21s.)

To say that "Nostromo" is the great achievement in fiction of the year is to state altogether imperfectly our appreciation of Mr. Conrad's latest novel. There are few years in which it would not be the notable achievement. The criticism certain to be levelled against it—that it is formless—is in reality a criticism of its extreme length. It is longer even than it appears, because, to a degree unparalleled in any other novelist we can think of, every word goes to the development of the story and the enlightenment of the appreciative reader. It is not exaggeration to say that an imperfect understanding of the author's intention may result from a moment's slackness of attention and the failure to read between two (no more) particular lines. Now, of course, too great a demand upon our concentration—upon our enthusiasm even—is open to legitimate criticism. It is for the novelist to take account of the angle of human vision, so to say, and to set limits accordingly to the width of his scheme. We think it possible that Mr. Conrad would have admitted some failure on his part to do so when he realised that Nostromo's ride to Cayta must be compressed into half-a-dozen pages of description put into the mouth of Captain Mitchell. So much may be conceded to the objectors. But while "Nostromo" is not Mr. Conrad's most perfect piece of work, it is incomparably the work which most clearly shows his extraordinary powers. There is no falling off in the variety, beauty and charm of the parts; there is, on the other hand, a greater sweep and breadth in the general design; and if the result is less faultless than sometimes hitherto, the ease and confidence of the author with his means of attaining it are more manifest. "Nostromo" will set the seal upon Mr. Conrad's title to rank in the forefront of living novelists.

Mr. Arnold Bennett, evidently fascinated by the commercial success of his own "Great Man," has decided to follow him by writing for popularity rather than for the sake of art, and, reverting to the style of "The Grand Babylon Hotel," has produced what he terms a "fantasia on modern themes," but what is in reality melodrama in twentieth-century guise. That he has done his work well, and with a certain freshness of touch, and that it is eminently readable, goes almost without saying, but it is difficult not to regret his lapse from the worthier manner of "Anna of the Five Towns" and "Leonora." The "Great Man" wrote for the less fastidious section of the public because he could not help it; Mr. Arnold Bennett can help it, and is not likely to increase his deservedly large following by his latest experiment. In "Teresa of Watling Street" he has thrown subtlety to the winds, and revels, if not in the obvious, at least in the ordinary extraordinary. The story of Raphael Craig's vendetta with Simon Lock—the crushing of the great financier with the aid of silver coin, genuine so far as composition is concerned, but not issued by the Mint—to say nothing of the curiously complicated love affairs of Redgrave and Teresa, Nolan and Juana, affords material for a novel both powerful and artistic: Mr. Bennett has utilised it for a novel powerful, it is true, but less artistic than might reasonably have been expected.

Herr Beyerlein's military novel, "Jena oder Sedan," did not obtain such a sensational advertisement as Lieutenant Bilse's "Aus einem Kleinen Garnison," but it has made a much deeper impression in Germany, and is far more worthy of translation—a task excellently performed in the present edition. For it is not a *roman à clef*, exposing exceptional scandals in an unrepresentative fraction of the German army, but a serious study of the modern German military system, made by a clear-sighted but patriotic critic. As a novel, it suffers from diffuseness and want of unity: it records the history of a certain battery of artillery during the period of service of a young peasant, Franz Vogt, and the interest is divided between the officers and the men. But it is quite readable as a story, and the author's analytic power is remarkable. He does not make the mistake of presenting all his officers and N.C.O.'s as bullies or libertines, but he does show that the system allows a sergeant who bullies and an officer who neglects his duties to succeed as well as their worthier neighbours. The real thesis of the book is double: Herr Beyerlein considers that the German army is moving towards inefficiency and consequent disaster, appearances being held of more account than realities; and secondly, that under present conditions the ranks form a school of Social Democracy. Franz Vogt joins as a loyal but unthinking peasant; he is unjustly punished, talks things over with Radical comrades from the towns, and leaves the army a Socialist. The best and most able officer in the book sends in his papers and enters a great ordnance manufactory, where he can look for the success denied him in the army. The book is outspoken, and includes an unnecessary amount of sordid vice; but this is because the author studies his black sheep closely, not because he makes out black to be the normal colour of the flock.

Argentina and Chile are "The Countries of the King's Award." For half a century or more the vagueness of the frontier-line between the two Republics had been a prolific source of trouble and danger; and when at last, in 1902, the Presidents wisely agreed to have the thorny question settled once for all by King Edward, as arbitrator, Sir Thomas Holdich was

appointed to command the Commission which surveyed and demarcated the nine hundred miles of boundary. We hear comparatively little of the arduous work performed by the Commissioners along the Patagonian Andes: the author is more concerned with the industries and institutions of the countries whose peace with one another, it is hoped, has been secured by the settlement of a long-standing dispute; and his book is a veritable mine of information about the people and the stock-raising industry, on which the fortunes of Argentina, in particular, depend. Visiting various *estancias* under the guidance of men able to answer his every inquiry, he was profoundly impressed with the possibilities of the Republic. The author is always worth reading, whether he writes of the prowess of the *Huascar*, of the decaying tribes of Tierra del Fuego, of horses and cattle, or of the struggles of the Welsh Colony at Chubut. His literary style leaves something to be desired.

The author of "A History of South America" must be congratulated on the successful accomplishment of a difficult task. The existence of the various States since they threw off the yoke of Spain has been exceedingly eventful; and though none other has equalled the record of Venezuela (which has witnessed fifty-one "revolutionary movements" since the year 1830), every State in South America has been the scene of numerous risings. It is the kaleidoscopic nature of South American constitutional history that makes the chronicler's task so difficult. Mr. Akers has contrived to compress his story into some 650 pages and has done it with almost unflinching regard for perspective and proportion, rarely yielding to the temptation to dwell at undue length upon events whose sensational nature obscures their historical significance. He displays remarkable grasp of his subject, and possesses the gift of condensing and marshalling masses of facts without reducing them to the dry-as-dust consistency which too often follows condensation. In tracing the stormy career of each of the States, he shows how the several forces at work have combined to mould the distinctive character of its people. Readiness to seek the redress of grievances by taking up arms is a trait common to all; and when we consider the character of the men who for three centuries misgoverned the unfortunate country, we feel that it would be unreasonable to expect peace and industry to supervene as a result of emancipation from Spanish oppression. Mr. Akers apologises for the poorness of his illustrations; but the portraits of prominent men serve their purpose, and their artistic effects do nothing to impair the very real value of an exceedingly able and useful contribution to history. The maps are much more important than the portraits, and these leave nothing to desire in respect of clearness and accuracy.

"Large-hearted was this Bambarah, speaking Persian, a Christian dervish, knowing all the East, having read all books, explored all countries, mastered all sciences and learning; the friend of kings. . . . In fact, of all the men, Christian or Moslem, he had ever met, Bambarah appeared to him the fittest to stand before a king." This curious description of Professor Vambéry was given by a wandering Persian poet to Mr. Cunninghame-Graham, when that distinguished traveller was the prisoner of the Kaid of Kintafi, in Southern Morocco, and it affords a striking example of the esteem in which the Professor is held by Easterns. Many Europeans know the Orient, but the Orient knows very few Europeans, and perhaps knows Arminius Vambéry best of all. Now, in his seventieth year, the Professor has given the world his autobiography in two volumes entitled "The Story of My Struggles." It is a curiously fascinating work, filled to the brim with matters of high interest, and written with something of the mental attitude towards life that inspired the "Confessions" of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Intensely personal and introspective in its style, frankly Agnostic in outlook upon the world's religious systems, the work leaves an impression that the writer, the wayfarer to whom the East and the West are one, is an honest, lovable, and simple man. By birth he is a Jew, and, being born in Hungary, learned in earliest days that sufferance is the badge of all his tribe. He has endured the extremes of discomfort and luxury—at one time a half-starved cleaner of boots, and at another the trusted adviser of Sultan and Shah. He has known what it means to be homeless and to sleep on the bare ground, and he has dined with Queen Victoria and King Edward at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace. From the pinnacle of Western civilisation and the wilds of Bokhara he has surveyed mankind; and while trouble has not embittered him, pomp and circumstance have left him unmoved. He is the friend of this country and the unswerving critic of Russia; for some years he occupied the same position at Yildiz Kiosk that Sir John Drummond Hay held at the Dar al Makhzen in Marrakésh. He has heard Lord Palmerston and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe discuss foreign politics, and Swinburne read parts of his "Atalanta in Calydon" in days when it was unpublished. He has had exceptional chances of self-advancement; and even in these latter days remains, to his lasting credit, a comparatively poor man. Neither Tsar nor Sultan could buy his pen, though each was willing to do so. We have seldom read a book that has expressed the writer's vivid personality more strongly, more fearlessly, or with such a complete absence of pretence either towards others or himself. Professor Vambéry is just to East and West; nor has the neglect of Austria and Hungary availed to loosen the ties that bind him to his native land. His autobiography is one of the notable books of the year, and within the space at our disposal we cannot express completely our full sense of its merits. Of Professor Vambéry's accomplishments it would be an impertinence to enter into details; and, indeed, Mr. Cunninghame-Graham's Persian, who spoke in all sincerity, has summed them up for us, with the Oriental colour that suits the subject well.

A PAINTER'S COLUMN.

The recent record of "The Life, Work, and Times of Giovanni Costa" (Grant Richards) was begun by Signora Agresti in the lifetime of an artist equally dear to England and to Italy. For years his landscapes were seen in our annual shows: one was bought for a permanent national collection; and the names of Corbett, Edgar Barclay, and of others of their order group round Costa's—truly a little school and its master. The "Times" of Costa seem a large theme for threat or for promise of treatment; but the phrase has its justification, and something more than a merely local one, in the chapters which describe the movements that march to the measure of Vittoria's refrain, "Italia, Italia, shall be free." In the abortive risings of 1848 Costa took a brave part, and the record here given rings with the old watchwords, also even the old catchwords, of freedom. Costa stood beneath the balcony of the Quirinal when Pius IX. came out and blessed the banners of Italy, and he rushed off to arm himself as if by Papal bidding. A little later he stood close to Rossi, and watched with protesting cries that cruel butchery which changed the Pope's attitude towards the liberators. Signora Agresti writes of these things in a frankly partisan spirit; the spirit that English poetry enshrines wherever Mrs. Browning is read. The events of September 1870 have their almost personal record; but the lengthy account of Lucia Monti's rescue from ill that seem of imagination all compact might well have been spared the reader. When Rome became the capital, and "the greedy hordes of speculators settled down," Costa, on the Municipal Council, did "his best to restrain the fever of destruction that prevailed." No passages of the bulky volume will be more delightful to English readers than those that show us Leighton as Costa's friend, and Leighton in Italy. A glimpse of Leighton in his last years is a fitting sequel. Looking out of his window at Siena, he saw that the cupola of the Duomo was on fire: he hastened to the spot, and amid the dropping rain of fire coolly directed the work of salvation. Costa, who followed, says: "I found Leighton commanding in the midst." Costa did not long outlive Leighton. In a letter he wrote to the Rev. Stopford Brooke his spirit seems to survive. Mr. Brooke asked for a little Costa picture, value fifty pounds, and the artist set aside for him a little scene studied at the mouth of the Arno in early morning light: "A picture," he says, "which I have painted with great love and fear as a thanksgiving and prayer to the great Maker."

The "Little Books on Art," issued under the general editorship of Mr. Cyril Davenport (Methuen), receive an altogether welcome addition in the "Holbein." In one important sense, at any rate, this latest of the "Little Books" is the best of all the series, for in Holbein we have a painter and draughtsman who loses least of all in reproduction. A liberal allowance of forty-six illustrations may be taken as the publishers' recognition of this fact. Erasmus was the link between Holbein and Thomas More; and nothing could be fairer than the account here given of the true inwardness of Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," and that of its sympathetic illustrator. That Holbein came to England—came to be almost an Englishman—is due in chief to Thomas More, of whose delightful household he became an inmate. If More had done nothing else for England, England would be his debtor; and perhaps to him may be assigned the creation of that Chelsea artistic tradition which led Rossetti and Whistler in our own day to the same quarter, and saw the rise of a studio upon the very garden where, in the autumn of 1526, More first sat with Holbein beneath the still fruit-bearing mulberry-tree. "Wit and music and joyous strenuousness" made up the atmosphere of that hospitable mansion, where were so well understood "the kindred points of Heaven and home." The great painter has an unrecorded grave, the site of which could not be discovered by the contemporary Lord Arundel when he wished to raise a monument to the man who had first heard of England as a land of promise from his lips.

A popular edition of "Gainsborough," by Sir Walter Armstrong (Heinemann), was but due to the daily increasing popularity of the artist himself. We will not seek to decide the vexed question which painter is greater, Reynolds or he; but these two, beyond all dispute, have given a glory to a school of England. They have raised their lesser fellows and successors: even Romney and Raeburn owe something of their recent elevation to the propinquity of Reynolds and Gainsborough. The fascinations of a school are cumulative; they are not destructive of each other. Gainsborough and Reynolds could hardly have existed apart from each other, divided place and century; and it is not wholly our fault if they jostle in our memories. The last words of Gainsborough remain, preceded by the affecting letter he wrote from his dying bed to "Dear Sir Joshua," after hearing from a friend that Sir Joshua had spoken affectionately of him: "I can from a sincere heart say," wrote the dying painter, "that I always admired and sincerely loved Sir Joshua Reynolds." A visit from the President followed; all jealousies were forgotten, and Sir Joshua, hard of hearing, bent over to hear Gainsborough's last message: "We are all going to Heaven, and Van Dyck is of the company." Sir Walter Armstrong's discreet and well-considered estimate of Gainsborough as artist and as man is reproduced in this popular edition, and the illustrations are, as a whole, admirable. Very properly the master's drawings and studies are presented in due proportion in this volume. Quarrels had an almost undue share in Gainsborough's arranging of his life. He left Bath and became a Londoner through his misunderstanding with Thicknesse; and his upset with the Royal Academy over the hanging of his portrait of the three Princesses is an event which occupies many pages of his biography. These disputes, at best, are squalid, and the reader is likely enough to turn from them with the cry of Ruskin: "Shade of Gainsborough—deep-thoughted, solemn Gainsborough!"

ROYAL SPORT AT WINDSOR: KING CARLOS'S SKILL WITH THE GUN.

SKETCHES FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS; PHOTOGRAPH BY HILLIS AND SAUNDERS.

Princess Victoria. Prince of Wales. The Queen.

Prince Christian.



Duke of Connaught. Queen Amélie. The King. King Carlos.

THE ROYAL SHOOTING PARTY IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK, NOVEMBER 16.



THE KING OF PORTUGAL IN MANY ATTITUDES.

Unfortunately King Edward, owing to a slight injury to his foot, could not take a gun; but King Carlos and the Prince of Wales made a record bag. The King and the two Queens drove over for luncheon.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

AN INTERESTING CONTROVERSY.

In the pages of *Nature* for Nov. 10 appeared a highly interesting communication from Dr. H. Charlton Bastian, a distinguished London physician, and a biologist of high repute. Dr. Bastian dealt in that letter with a topic which appears to possess a perennial vitality—to wit, the origin of life. He refers to what one might call the beginnings of life as represented to-day by the lowest forms of animals and plants—groundlings, these, which may fairly be taken as representing life's beginnings, or at least its primitive developments in the past of the earth. That this subject will always form one of extreme interest goes without saying. We know our earth was once an incandescent orb, unfitted to serve as an abode of vitality. We know it so far cooled down, developed the features of land, air, and water, and became adapted for the habitation of living beings. Whence, it may be asked, did the first and primeval germs of vitality originate?

Let us mark that once living germs or cells appeared, the difficulty of a beginning vanished away. Given the start, evolution did the rest. There is no philosophical or other difficulty in figuring forth how, from simple living forms, more complex beings would naturally arise. It is the case of that worthy lady, Mrs. Glasse, of cookery-book fame, and her hare. That which had first to be caught was the vital hare. Lacking this element, all the rest remains undetermined and void. Philosophy advances varied views of life's beginnings for our consideration. One school asks us to figure forth the transformation (by admittedly unknown processes) of the original non-living matter of the world into living substance. This is abiogenesis, the doctrine of the spontaneous origin or generation of that which is vital from that which was inorganic. The gulf between the two, it is held, was once crossed, and nothing more was needed. The world was stocked thus with its primitive population, and evolution did the rest. A side view suggests that the same process is still proceeding around us. This, indeed, is Dr. Bastian's position. Why, it is argued, if life originated from inorganic matter at the start, should that act of transubstantiation, in a physiological sense, have ceased? It is Dr. Bastian's offer to the editor of *Nature* to send him an illustrated paper showing at least, if not the actual origin of life from non-living matter, the birth of monads and allied animalcules and of fungus-germs from matter which is not like them at all.

Here we must be careful to note that in such a view, it is not necessarily a part of the argument to assume that the recognisable living forms of which Dr. Bastian speaks have originated *de novo*—that is, from non-living matter. He starts with certain materials (called Zoogloæ), with which microscopists are familiar, and asserts that he can demonstrate by photographs that out of this material scum, so to put it, definite living forms can be shown to be developed. As Zoogloæ-masses are assuredly to be regarded as alive, Dr. Bastian's aim is to show that out of a common life-substance diverse organisms are produced to-day as they were in the past. He is an advocate of the doctrine of heterogenesis. He holds that varied life develops from a common origin. Beyond this, as we have seen, lies the further question, Of what begot, or begets the vital scum? If we start with life already present in the Zoogloæ-masses, the Rubicon has been crossed. How it was crossed, and how the transition took place from the non-living to the lowest vital state, remains, as before, a subject for speculation. Some philosophers elect to believe that the germs of life were introduced into this world from another planet. Lord Kelvin's idea of such germs being borne on a moss-grown fragment from another orb, represents such a view. Here life is regarded as having come to us, and not as having spontaneously originated from non-living matter.

The editor referred to, as was to be expected, will publish Dr. Bastian's paper, and also replies thereon from competent critics. We may, therefore, look forward to an interesting discussion. Dr. Bastian complains that his opponents are illogical somewhat, in that, while they believe in the natural origin of living matter in the past (*i.e.*, from non-living materials), they deny the operation of any such process existing or operating at the present time. They imply that it is all a matter of evidence. Nobody has seen, they say, or at least demonstrated, that in suitable fluids minute particles may gradually appear "from the region of the invisible." It is this feature which Dr. Bastian says he is prepared to prove, and this is why the forthcoming discussion will be found to be of the highest interest. Beyond this proof, if afforded, however, there will, I take it, be the further question, Whence the particles which develop into low living things? Are they living to start with, or do they represent non-living units which, by some subtle process, are transmuted from that which is inorganic to that which is alive?

Those familiar with biological records know that Dr. Bastian has fought his fight valiantly in the years of the past. He has written at least two bulky volumes on the subject, and he has experimented ceaselessly to prove his case. The evidence hitherto has not apparently satisfied biologists, but Dr. Bastian complains that as "the Royal and Linnæan Societies are guided in their acceptance of papers by referees who are wedded, on biological questions, to laboratory methods," it is useless for him to attempt to submit papers for consideration. But surely Dr. Bastian's own methods are those of the laboratory—all experiment, indeed, is. We must have facts first of all, for these form the basis of what interpretation is to be given of life's origins. All that is needed is a fair field and no prejudice. In the pages of the journal in question Dr. Bastian will find both conditions. Meanwhile I wait for the fray.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

MAX J MEYER (Boscombe).—Thanks for your letter. The discrepancies of judgment are most extraordinary, and point to different standards on the part of the adjudicators. Even without sight of the problem we think 15 an absurd award for any composition Mr. Mackenzie submitted to competition. We should be glad to see the full criticisms.

HERWARD (Oxford).—Having touched his King's Bishop, White is bound to move it, if it can be legally moved. If he cannot so move it legally, then he must move his King.

L DESANGES and OTHERS.—In Problem No. 3159 the defence against 1. P to B 4th is 1. K to K 5th.

E R MASKELL.—The answer is 2. Q to Q 3rd, Mate.

ALPHA and OTHERS.—In Problem No. 3159 if White play 1. Kt to Kt 5th, 1. Q to K 5th; 2. Q to Q R sq, 2. P to Kt 7th, and there is no mate next move.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3156 received from C Field junior (Athol, Mass.) and George Fisher (Belfast); of No. 3157 from T Roberts, A G (Pancsova), Charles Burnett, George Fisher (Belfast), W H Bedford (Openshaw), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Frank W Atchinson (Lincoln), and T W W (Bootham); of No. 3158 from H J Plumb (Sandhurst), Sorrento, A G (Pancsova), T Roberts, B Messenger (Bridgend), Frank W Atchinson (Lincoln), E G Rodway (Trowbridge), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Fire Plug, F Oppenheim, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), and Doryman.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3159 received from A Belcher, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), A W Roberts (Sandhurst), Café Glacier (Marseilles), J D Tucker (Ikley), Doryman, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F Henderson (Leeds), James W North (Westward Ho), E J Winter-wood, W Hopkinson (Derby), George Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), H J Plumb (Sandhurst), Joseph Cook, Charles Burnett, R Worters (Canterbury), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), Shadforth, T Roberts, Sorrento, and J A S Hanbury (Birmingham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3158. By A. W. DANIEL.

WHITE.

1. Q to B 6th
2. Q to K 6th (ch)
3. R or Q mates.

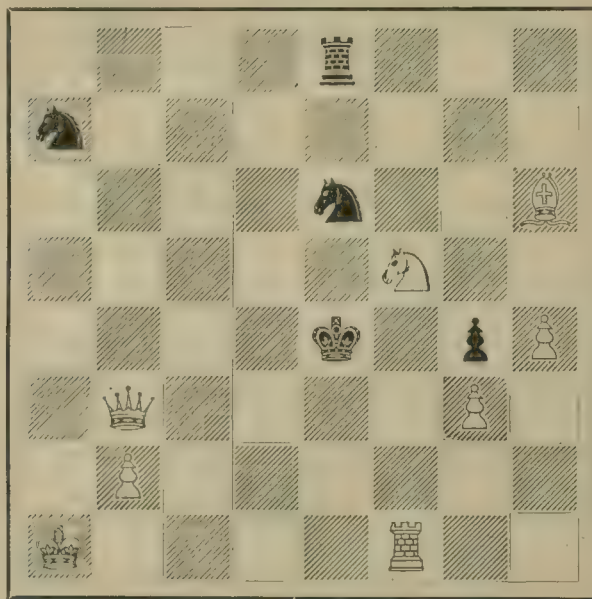
BLACK.

- K takes K-P
- K takes Q, or moves.

If Black play 1. K takes Kt P; 2. Q to Kt 6th (ch); and if 1. any other, then 2. R to Q 4th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3161. By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the St. Louis Chess Tournament, between Messrs. MAX JUDD and KIMENY.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. Kt to B 3rd	R to Q 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. P to B 3rd	Q to Q 2nd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to B 4th	23. B takes Kt	P takes B
4. Q to K 2nd		24. R to K sq	P to Kt 4th
Kt to B 3rd is preferred by some authorities.		25. Q to B 4th	K to Kt 2nd
5. B takes Kt	P takes P	26. Q to K 4th	P to Q R 4th
6. Q takes P	B to Q 3rd	27. Q to K 7th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
7. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd	28. Q takes Q	R takes Q
8. Q to K 2nd	B takes Kt	29. K to B 2nd	K to B 2nd
9. Q takes B (ch)	K to B 2nd	30. P to K Kt 4th	R to Q 5th
10. Castles	R to K sq	31. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th
11. Q to Kt 3rd	B to B 4th	32. K to K 3rd	R to B 5th
12. P to Q 3rd	R to K 7th	33. Kt to K 4th	R to B 8th
Quite useless, besides putting the Rook into serious jeopardy.		34. R to K 2nd	P to Q B 4th
13. Kt to R 3rd	Q to K 2nd	35. Kt to B 2nd	R to K R 8th
14. B to K 3rd	B to Kt 3rd	36. Kt to Q 3rd	R to K R 8th
15. Q R to B sq	K to Kt sq	37. Kt takes B P	
16. Kt to Kt sq	R takes P	Black's offensive force being now driven to the further corner of the board, White can make mince-meat of the adverse Pawns.	
The Rook is now lost, but Black evidently thinks the loss of the exchange is a greater evil than the loss of a piece. It is true, however, he gets two Pawns for his Bishop.		37. R takes P	R takes P
17. R takes R	B takes P	38. Kt to Kt 7th	P to B 4th
18. R to B sq	B takes R	39. P takes P	K to B 3rd
19. R takes B	R to Q sq	40. Kt takes P	K takes P
20. B to Kt 5th	K to B sq	41. R to Q B 2nd	K to K 4th
		42. R takes P	R to R 7th
		43. R to Q Kt 7th	P to R 4th
		44. R takes P	Resigns.

The following problem, by V César, gained the first prize in the Brighton and Hove Society and *Das Neue Illustrierte Blatt* joint tourney—*White*: K to Kt 6th, Q at Q 2nd, R at Kt 3rd, Kt at K B 8th and K B 2nd, B at K 7th, Ps at Q Kt 3rd and K R 6th. *Black*: K at K 4th, R at K 8th, B at K R sq, Kt at Q R 7th, Ps at Q Kt 2nd, Q B 4th, Q 5th, K 7th, Q B 4th, and K R 4th. *White mates in three moves.*

The problem tourney which Brighton and Hove Society arranged in conjunction with *Das Neue Illustrierte Blatt*, has resulted as follows: 1. V. César (Bohemia); 2. S. Trcalo (Moravia); 3. O. Nomo (Vienna). There was more than usual difference of opinion on the part of the judges, but all three are fine problems. We quote the first one above, and solutions will be acknowledged.

Subscriptions are invited to a collection of problems by Mr. A. F. Mackenzie which will be published under the title of "Chess Lyrics" in June next. The composer is too well known to need any advertisement from us, and probably no selection with so many prize problems has ever previously appeared. The price is three dollars in cloth, or three dollars fifty cents in half morocco, and names may be forwarded to Mr. Alain C. White, 560, Fifth Avenue, New York.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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INLAND. (Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d. Six Months, 14s. Christmas Half-year, 15s. 3d. Three Months, 7s. Christmas Quarter, 8s. 3d.)

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Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 198, Strand, London.

THE PROGRESS OF ARBITRATION.

The war in the Far East continues to rage furiously; after ten months of unexampled horrors, neither combatant seeks to put a period to the conflict. It may be said that the situation shames our twentieth-century civilisation; but we must not expect too much from our age, and a marked development of certain political tendencies suggests that even the Russo-Japanese contest may not prove an unmixed evil to the world at large. The protagonists will emerge from their struggle with a real appreciation of the tragedy of war; they will seek peace and ensue it; and nearly all the remaining Great Powers are showing laudable anxiety to control the factors that make for strife at home or abroad. We cannot ignore the pacific tendency of the times when we reflect that Russia has been at war for the greater part of a twelvemonth, and no Power in Europe has taken sides in the contest. Had Europe held a Napoleon Bonaparte there would have been fighting from the shores of the Atlantic to the present theatre of operations; but while the two great Powers have been locked together in a life-and-death struggle, Europe has been arming herself with treaties of arbitration, the modern form of insurance against war.

Perhaps Great Britain and France have most to say about the maintenance of European peace, and in the ratification of the Anglo-French treaty by the French Chamber of Deputies, the sober citizen of either country must find matter for sincere gratitude to his Government. It is an open secret that many forces were opposed to the Anglo-French Convention. Germany feared it; Russia was covertly hostile; the forcible-feeble policy of the Vatican was directed against the arrangement through the medium of the discredited Royalist party; and the Combes Cabinet was in such stormy waters that some Jonah had to be thrown overboard to lighten the ship. As it happened, General André sufficed, but it may be said without fear of contradiction that the action of the Chamber was by no means a foregone conclusion.

In the past ten days we have seen an arbitration treaty signed by this country and Portugal, and though much has been made of the long-standing friendship between the two countries, it is well to remember now that relations between London and Lisbon were strained nearly to breaking-point in the early 'nineties, when many questions arising in Africa threatened to develop serious trouble. There was no definite breach, but the Portuguese themselves have a proverb that says: "Peace with a cudgel in her hand is war." These difficulties were encouraged by interested parties, who realised that Portugal without British protection was in danger of losing her political life, and that Great Britain without a friendly Portugal had certain difficult complications to face in the Mediterranean in times of trouble. Thanks to the tireless skill of our late Minister to Lisbon, Sir Hugh MacDonell, the tension was reduced, and King Edward restored the old historic understanding that dates from the time when the Portuguese soldiers and British Crusaders fought side by side against the Moors. From an Englishwoman, as Dom Carlos reminded his audience at the Guildhall, sprang the precursors of the movement that gave Portugal her colonial empire. From Portugal came Catherine of Braganza, bringing to Charles II. the city of Tangier as a dowry, a possession that might have made for us an impregnable position in the Mediterranean had our pleasure-loving ruler possessed some statesmen who had learned to think imperially. Few inter-European relations are more interesting than those that associate Portugal with Great Britain.

Even the reference of the Baltic tragedy to arbitration, under the terms of the Hague Convention, is a triumph for the peace party, and it must be left to history to do credit to the high restraint of our statesmen, who, at a moment when they might have destroyed Russia's poor remains of sea-power, allowed them to proceed upon their ill-starred way, and refused a chance that no less scrupulous country would have hesitated to seize. If opportunism were the strongest factor in British foreign politics, the Baltic Squadron would lie "full fathom five" where the fishermen of the Algarve coast look out over the Atlantic waters.

People who speak with authority declare that President Roosevelt will endeavour to signalise his second term of office not only by a treaty of arbitration with this country, but by encouraging a further conference at the Hague, that shall cover a larger ground and take even a more decisive step towards the substitution of international tribunals for the unsatisfactory arbitrament of the sword. American statesmen foresee political dangers of the first magnitude standing in the path of their development; they will be wise indeed to consider and remove these troubles before they become acute.

As soon as Russia and Japan can bend their swords into sickles, there will be but one great predatory Power left in Europe, a Power that is forced to trouble the international waters for its better fishing, and forced to fish that it may live. Happily for Europe, the German danger is recognised and to some extent discounted; indeed, there are shrewd observers who hold that the most of Europe's precautions are taken in view of Germany's possibilities of offence and capacity for intrigue. With a population that increases at the rate of a million annually, with potential enemies on west and eastern boundaries, and an ever-growing force of Socialism within her borders, the condition of Germany does not make for tranquillity in Europe, and it is clear to the shining lights of the Wilhelmstrasse that while the best lands of the world are occupied, the Monroe Doctrine bars the way to South America.

"Peace, justice, and the word of God," says Ruskin, "must be given to the world, not sold." We have been accustomed to see nations buying peace at a price that reduces the proletariat to a condition not far from chronic penury, and it is not easy for us to recognise the simplicity and truth of the great critic's simple statement. But the high flight of one generation's imagination becomes the commonplace of the next, and there are signs that Europe will not always remain an armed camp. The movement towards arbitration is of happiest omen.

THEATRICALS FOR THE KING'S PORTUGUESE GUESTS: A COMMAND PERFORMANCE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WINDSOR.



King Carlos.

The Queen.

Queen Amélie.

The King.

THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH KING CARLOS AND QUEEN AMÉLIE, AT THE PERFORMANCE OF "A MAN'S SHADOW" IN THE WATERLOO CHAMBER, WINDSOR, NOVEMBER 17.

King Edward himself selected Robert Buchanan's adaptation of "Roger la Honte" for performance on the present occasion. Mr. Tree was assisted by several members of the original cast. The floral decorations on the sides of the stage and in front of the orchestra were particularly magnificent.

OXFORD STREET'S WELCOME TO THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL ON THEIR WAY TO THE GUILDHALL.

DESIGNED BY ALAN STUART, FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE TOWER HOTEL.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Nov. 26, 1904.—778

DOM CARLOS I. AND QUEEN AMÉLIE PASSING DOWN OXFORD STREET ON THEIR WAY TO THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET, NOVEMBER 17.

Their Majesties drove from Puddington Station to the City along a route which was said to have displayed the finest decorations seen since the Coronation.

A VICTORIOUS JAPANESE GENERAL'S ENTRY INTO LIAO-YANG, AND THE COMBATANTS' RESPECT FOR IMPERIAL TOMBS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. HARE, COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."



GENERAL NODZU ENTERING THE EAST GATE OF LIAO-YANG.

Liao-yang was first entered by the Japanese at three in the morning of September 3, after five days of continuous fighting. General Kuroki detached General Nodzu, who had been pushing in the Russian centre, to hold the south roads. General Nozu's own entrance was on September 4.



A JAPANESE GUARD POSTED ON A BEAUTIFUL CHINESE TOMB.

The great sights of Manchuria are the wonderful pagodas and tombs of Manchu Emperors departed. Some of these are to be found in the neighbourhood of Liao-yang. Russia and Japan had both given China an assurance that the tombs would be respected.

DISPENSING WITH THE DRY DOCK AT PORT ARTHUR: THE ENGLISH FLOATING SHEERS IN USE.

BLOCKADE-RUN PHOTOGRAPHS FROM PORT ARTHUR SUPPLIED BY T. N. LAURENTIEFF; PHOTOGRAPH OF CHATHAM SHEERS SUPPLIED BY THE INVENTORS, MESSRS. DAY, SUMMERS, AND CO.



MESSRS. DAY, SUMMERS, AND CO.'S 100-TON SHEERS AT CHATHAM.



A RUSSIAN WAR-SHIP AT PORT ARTHUR FLOATING SHEERS.



REPAIRING THE "SEVASTOPOL" AT THE PORT ARTHUR SHEERS.

Messrs. Day, Summers, and Co., of Northam Iron-works, Southampton, are the original makers and inventors of the sheers in use at Port Arthur. They have constructed three sets for the Russian Government. When Port Arthur was first occupied by the Russians, one set of these sheers was at Vladivostok. The Russians dismantled the legs, lashed them to the deck of the pontoon, and sent the vessel round to Port Arthur under steam and re-erected the legs. The machine has been of the very greatest service in landing heavy guns and stores and also in repairing damaged vessels.

BOMBS ON BAMBOOS: FIGHTING THE ELECTRICALLY CHARGED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS.

DRAWING (FACSIMILE) BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL AND THE ONLY ARTIST BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.



AN INGENIOUS JAPANESE DEVICE FOR DESTROYING THE DEADLY RUSSIAN WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.

MR. VILLIERS WRITES: "Before the assault on Banduzan (or the Eternal Dragon Hill), which I witnessed, the Japanese officers were much puzzled how to destroy the wire entanglements, which were understood to be highly charged with electricity. At length they hit upon the idea of placing a charge of guncotton at the end of a stout bamboo, twenty feet long, with a fuse running down the centre. Two soldiers then pushed the bamboo up to the entanglement, placed the charge against the supports, and fired the fuse from their end. The men suffered terribly from shell fire from the opposite fort before the 11th Division attacked it. After many lives had been lost in the attempt to destroy the entanglement, it was discovered that the wires were only weakly charged with electricity, and accordingly they were cut with shears fitted with non-conducting handles."

LADY MAYOR. DOM CARLOS. THE LORD MAYOR. QUEEN AMÉLIE. PRINCE OF WALES. PRINCESS OF WALES.



CEMENTING THE OLD TIES BETWEEN THE CITY OF LONDON AND PORTUGAL.—THE GUILDHALL BANQUET TO DOM CARLOS I. AND QUEEN AMÉLIE, NOVEMBER 17: KING CARLOS'S SPEECH.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE GUILDHALL.

King Carlos recalled how in the fourteenth century England gave to Portugal a Queen, Philippa of Lancaster, and how in the seventeenth century Portugal gave to England Catherine of Braganza. He referred also to the times when the Crusaders of England and the warriors of Portugal fought side by side. His Majesty concluded, "In your person, my Lord Mayor, and in the Corporation of the City of London, I greet the British people, our allies and friends, and the free, strong, and progressive nationality of Great Britain."



A TYPICAL PORT ARTHUR BLOCKADE-RUNNER WITH A GRUESOME HISTORY: THE JUNK ON WHICH THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT, MR. LOUIS ETZEL, WAS KILLED.



SECURING A DRIFTING MENACE TO SHIPPING: THE BRITISH SHIP "WENCHOW" SLINGING A MINE OVER HER STERN FOR TRANSPORTING TO NEW-CHWANG.



CONVEYING A DANGEROUS PASSENGER: BOAT'S CREW OF JAPANESE SAILORS IN CHARGE OF THE MINE TURNED OVER TO THEM BY THE "WENCHOW'S" CAPTAIN.



EXAMINING A DANGEROUS WANDERER: THE JAPANESE GUN-BOAT "TSUKUSHI" INSPECTING THE MINE PICKED UP BY THE "WENCHOW."

IN THE SHORE WATERS OF PORT ARTHUR: BLOCKADE-RUNNING, AND THE STORY OF A FLOATING MINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUREAU.

It will be remembered that while Mr. Louis Etzel was endeavouring to run the blockade of Port Arthur he was killed by shots from a Russian boat. The floating mine to which the other pictures refer belonged to Japan. The "Wenchow" picked it up, slung it over her stern, and carried it to New-chwang to be restored to the Japanese.



A CHIEF'S RESIDENCE THAT PASSED FROM RUSSIAN TO JAPANESE HANDS: MARSHAL OYAMA'S HEADQUARTERS, FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY GENERAL KUROPATKIN.



THE QUAIN SHINTO RITUAL FOR FALLEN JAPANESE SOLDIERS OF THE 4TH DIVISION.



JAPANESE HONOURS TO THE FALLEN BRAVE: SOLDIERS OF THE 4TH DIVISION COMMEMORATING THEIR BRAVE COMRADES.

At Japanese memorial services an altar bearing offerings of food is erected beneath two tall poles, between which is stretched a rope of rice carrying coloured streamers. In the centre of the altar is a miniature tombstone bearing the epitaph of the deceased.

THE JAPANESE GENERALISSIMO'S HEADQUARTERS AT LIAO-YANG, AND JAPANESE MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR MEN OF THE 4TH DIVISION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. BRILL, SUPPLIED BY PERCIVAL PHILLIPS.

STORM AFTER CANNONADE, AND REST DURING PURSUIT, AT LIAO-YANG.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. HARE, COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."



FOUL WEATHER AFTER HEAVY FIRING: A JAPANESE BIVOUAC DURING THE STORM THAT FOLLOWED THE GREAT BATTLE.

It is well known that a heavy cannonade very often brings down rain, and the extraordinary intensity of the firing at Liao-yang was probably the cause of the dreadful rainstorm that followed the engagement. This photograph was taken during a slight lull, when the weather had moderated sufficiently to permit the Japanese to light a camp-fire.



THE JAPANESE PURSUIT OF THE DEFEATED RUSSIANS: A REST IN A WOOD.

A tremendous fusillade from the Japanese followed the Russians as they retired from Liao-yang and fell back upon Mukden. Our photograph was taken while a corps of infantry were snatching a moment's repose in such shade as they could find.

INSIDE BELEAGUERED PORT ARTHUR: MILITARY INCIDENTS



General Stoessel.

GENERAL STOESEL AT A MILITARY CELEBRATION: THE COMMANDANT AND THE OFFICERS OF THE 12TH SIBERIAN SHARPSHOOTERS AROUND THE FLAG OF THEIR REGIMENT.



JAPANESE SPIES IN CHINESE GARB: AN INTERROGATION OF PRISONERS BY RUSSIAN OFFICERS.

AN ABSTEMIOUS BUT SWEET-TOOTHED JAPANESE SOLDIER: GENERAL FUKUSHIMA.

DRAWN BY MELTON PRIOR



GENERAL FUKUSHIMA'S HOSPITALITY TO OUR ARTIST: ONLY AN ACID DROP.

General Fukushima, one of the hardest workers in the Japanese service, neither smokes nor drinks, and has the abstemious man's unconquerable fondness for sweets. "One day, after Liao-yang," writes Mr. Melton Prior, "I had an interview with this celebrated man, and complained that it was absurd that correspondents should not be allowed nearer the fighting-line. He quietly remarked that the officer who restrained me had only obeyed orders, and that if I went nearer I might be hurt. I fear I lost my temper for the moment, for I replied with perhaps too great emphasis. He looked at me quite unconcernedly, with the regulation Japanese smile, and, holding out a bottle, said, 'Have a sweet, Mr. Prior,' for he had neither alcohol nor tobacco to offer me. The situation now struck me as so comical that I could not help joining him in the smile, and I accepted an acid drop."

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has been suffering from a rheumatic attack, and was obliged to give up his public engagements for a fortnight. He is now, happily, convalescent.

The Bishop of Winchester is in excellent health, and was able recently to attend a football match at Farnham. In the presence of some thousands of spectators, and amid a scene of great enthusiasm, Dr. Ryle kicked off the ball, and was afterwards an interested spectator of the contest between the home team and Haslemere for the Surrey Junior Cup.

The Bishop of Southwell has returned from South Africa, and was in London last week for the Caxton Hall meeting of the African Missioners. The Bishop of London paid an affectionate tribute to Dr. Hoskyns and to the great work he had done during the Mission. At the time of writing no date has yet been fixed for the Bishop's enthronement.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hayes Sadler, Commissioner for the Uganda Protectorate, speaks with warm praise of the work done by the missionaries in Uganda. Addressing the C.M.S. Committee, he said that the service they render is of Imperial as well as religious value.

Mr Hugh Bickersteth, whose death has caused sincere regret to a wide circle at Hampstead, was the third son of Bishop Bickersteth, of Exeter, and was born at Hampstead during his father's long incumbency of Christ Church. Dr. Bickersteth's two elder sons went into the ministry of the Church. One was the late Bishop Edward

Bickersteth, of Japan; the other is the present Vicar of Lewisham.

Brahms' "Requiem" is to be given at St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday evening, Dec 6. The nave and transepts will be open to the public without tickets. This is always one of the most crowded services of

at Hackney College during recent weeks has been largely undertaken by Dr. Garvie.

A committee has been appointed to arrange for a memorial to the late Bishop Ryle. Among the suggestions most favoured is that of a statue to the Bishop in a prominent site in Liverpool. Another proposal is for the establishment of a Bishop Ryle Fund, which would be used for sending theological candidates to read at Wycliffe and Ridley Halls.

Many Wesleyans have recently visited the City Road Chapel in order to see the beautiful stained window which has been erected in memory of the late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. The idea of the central figure of the Saviour was taken from Leonardo's "Last Supper."

The Grand Prix at the St. Louis International Exhibition has been awarded to the well-known photographic optician, C. P. Goerz, of London, Berlin, Paris, and New York, for excellence of manufacture. The exhibit of the firm comprised their photographic lenses, cameras, and the Trieder binoculars; and they also constructed the apparatus used for the projection of Dr. Miethe's three-colour photographs.

Messrs. Bewlay and Co., tobacconists to the royal family, have been appointed the agents for Messrs. Muratti's new Turkish cigarette, the "Ariston de Luxe." This cigarette is of extreme softness of flavour (a quality rarely obtainable), also delightful fragrance and aroma, and, unlike many other brands, will not irritate the throat. The association of Messrs. Bewlay with this cigarette is a guarantee that it is a really good brand. Our readers can obtain free samples by applying at 49, Strand.



A NATURAL STABLE: THE SILK-COTTON TREE IN THE BAHAMA ISLANDS.

The tree here depicted stands in the public square of Nassau, in the Bahama Islands, and is one of the sights of the place. The great spaces between the roots, which rise in enormous folds high above the ground, are sometimes used as a temporary stabling for horses. The tree bears large crops of silky balls of cotton, which, owing to its lightness, is in much demand for stuffing pillows and cushions.

the year at the Cathedral, and many persons are content to wait several hours to secure a good place.

Principal Forsyth is recovering from his illness, and has left town for a month's rest and change. His work

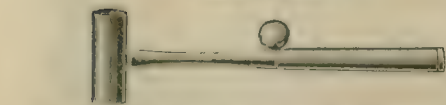
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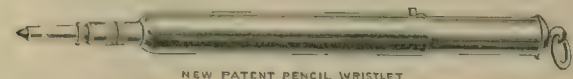


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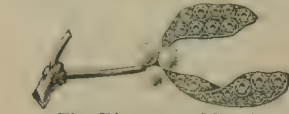
The Golfer's New Wristlet Pencil, in Gold, with Leather Band, £1 10s.



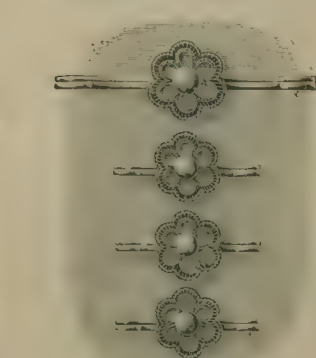
Fine Gold Merrythought and Mistletoe Brooch, with Pearl Berries, £1 5s.



Fine Diamond and Pearl Fancy Bow and Spray Brooch, £28 10s.



Fine Diamond and Pearl Mistletoe Brooch, £6.



Fine Gold, Enamel, and Pearl Blouse Pins, complete in Lizard Skin Case, £5 5s.



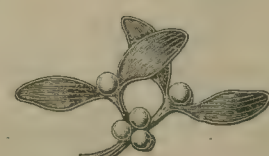
Fine Gold Merrythought and Chick, with Whole Pearl Brooch, £1 7s. 6d.



Fine Pearl and Gold Pendant with Gold Back, Turquoise, Scroll Necklet, Chain, £1 15s.



Fine Diamond Scroll Pendant, £19 10s.



Green Enamel and Whole Pearl Mistletoe Brooch, £4 5s.



Fine Gold Miniature Locket, with Crystal Glass, £1 2s.

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A most wonderful display of charming and exclusive designs in Jewellery, specially suitable for Xmas Presents, at most moderate prices, is on view, and even if a purchase is not contemplated, a visit to the Show-Rooms, which now comprise 112 & 110, Regent St., 47, 48, & 49, Warwick Street, and 48, Glasshouse Street (all communicating), cannot fail to be of interest. NO IMPORTUNITY TO PURCHASE.

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Restores the Colour to Carpets.

Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Softens Hard Water.

So Vivifying after Cricket, Motoring and other Sports.

**“MAKES HOME, SWEET HOME
IN DEED.”**

LADIES' PAGES.

Everybody who came in contact, however remotely, with the stately and gracious Queen of Portugal during her visit must agree that a country loses from the social point of view by lacking the personality of such ladies as the visitor and our own Queen to lead Society. The Queen of Portugal is, of course, by birth one of the Princesses of the old royal house of France, and she and her sister, the Duchess d'Aosta, are among the most stately, handsome, and clever women of their day. The Queen of Portugal wore at the City function a handsome costume of pastel-blue taffetas mousseline; it was trimmed deeply with Brussels point insertion and flounces, and white and gold embroidery brightened the corsage, on which also appeared a great deal of beautiful lace, while ropes of pearls overhung it and a few very fine diamonds were pinned in the front of the lace. A white beaver and lace hat trimmed with pastel-blue velvet and a great ostrich-plume of snowy whiteness was worn on the handsome head. The Princess of Wales was in cream lace over silk, with lime-green satin forming the trimmings; her toque was of lace trimmed with black osprey and sable. The Lady Mayoress, who has a stately figure, was very suitably attired in purple velvet with a white sable-trimmed bonnet, and she wore also a splendid set of sables. Her civic ladyship carried a bouquet of yellow roses and lilies-of-the-valley, and she had the honour of presenting the Queen of Portugal with one of white lilac and Malmaison carnations. The Princess of Wales also accepted a bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley.

The luncheon to King Carlos and his Queen consisted of the inevitable turtle soup, soles in mayonnaise and lobster, cold game pie and fillets of pheasant in jelly, cold chickens and tongue, roast baron of beef, and sweets. The interest of being present on such an occasion, of course, does not depend on the table. But even State banquets at Court are usually not so lengthy or elaborate as the uninitiated might suppose. The King is not in favour of long meals, and a few courses of by no means out-of-the-way dishes fill the menu when his Majesty is present at dinner. I have in my souvenir collection the menu of a dinner given by the present King and Queen at Marlborough House before their accession. It consists of Scotch broth and game soup, sole, cutlets with sauce reforme, roast pheasant, braised celery, three sweets, and a savoury. At the recent Guildhall banquet "Rosbach" table water was used.

It is satisfactory to learn that a large number of British manufacturers have been awarded commendation at the St. Louis Exhibition. Of the soaps shown, highest honours have been awarded to "Erasmic



FOR THE COMING OF FROST.

The skating-gown to have ready is of light-weight cloth, stitched in ornamental lines and trimmed with miniver, and with silver-embroidered velvet belt and vest.

Soap," the price of which is as moderate as its qualifications are high. It is scented very pleasantly, and is of perfect purity.

Even in charity entertainments "some new thing" is urgently demanded, and a novelty has been found by the ladies' committee of the Samaritan Hospital for Women. They induced Mrs. George Alexander to obtain the loan of her husband's theatre for the afternoon of Nov. 22, and then secured the presence of several stage celebrities to "hold a reception" in the auditorium, which was transformed into a handsome drawing-room for the occasion. The stage was set as a garden, with marble seats and an antique sundial amidst greenery, and here tea was served. Several members of the San Carlo Opera Company generously contributed their services; and there was a distribution by lot of coupons entitling the holders of each one to select no less than ten pounds' worth of goods from a West End firm's stock. The price for all this was a guinea, no cheaper tickets being sold. There was a good attendance, as the originality of the plan deserved. The Queen took ten tickets.

If we were as practical a people as we are supposed to be, the number of art schools in the country supported at the public expense would be diminished, and that of cookery schools would be greatly multiplied. Eighteen young women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three, who have been in domestic service, are now invited by the London County Council to accept twelve weeks' free training at the National School of Cookery. These scholarships are to be applied for on a form to be obtained from the L.C.C. Education Department, Victoria Embankment, before Nov. 28; and as dinner and tea and even travelling expenses will be given to the selected candidates during training, it is a fine opportunity for so many bright young servants to improve themselves. But only eighteen of them! What is that amongst so many families needing decently trained cooks? When will a wise law or a yet more estimable private benefactor give as wide opportunities to girls to learn this feminine work as now there are for studying fiction in Free Libraries?

The Primrose League has come of age. It has risen in twenty-one years from a membership of 957 to one of 1,686,387. It will always be memorable as being the first great political society to invite the participation of women in its membership, and, to some extent, in its management. It is avowedly carried on to support the Conservative leaders, however, and hence never discusses or criticises their action; so that the ladies who work for party in its ranks do so strictly as privates in an army fight, in subordination. It is nevertheless admitted that the inclusion of women in the membership was "the

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THEY ARE ELEGANT. MAKE WRITING EASY. USEFUL MANY TIMES EVERY DAY.

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"SWAN" Fountain Pens.



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21/-

Silver Case, only 21/-

"We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;

We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.

'Peace hath Higher Tests of Manhood than Battle ever knew.'

—WHITTIER.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIZE—TO THE FAITHFULLEST!

Not to the Cleverest! nor the Most Bookish! nor the Most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent! But to the

NOBLEST WORK OF CREATION!

In other words, "His Life was Gentle, and the Elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the World,

THIS WAS A MAN!" —SHAKSPERE.

NOBILITY. "It was very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded *not* to the *cleverest* boy, nor the *most bookish* boy, *nor* to the most *precise, diligent, and prudent* boy, but to the *NOBLEST* boy, *to the boy who* should show the most promise of becoming a *LARGE-HEARTED, HIGH-MOTIVED MAN.*"—SMILES.

A POWER THAT CANNOT DIE!

REVERENCE IS THE CHIEF JOY OF THIS LIFE.

INFINITUDE.

All Objects are as Windows, through which the Philosophic Eye looks into Infinitude Itself.

'REVERENCE for what is
PURE and BRIGHT!
IN your YOUTH; for what
TRUE and TRIED
IN the AGE of OTHERS;
for all that is GRACIOUS
AMONG the LIVING,
GREAT among the DEAD,
AND MARVELLOUS in
the POWER
THAT CANNOT DIE.'
RUSKIN.
IF I take the wings of the
morning and
DWELL in the uttermost
parts
OF the UNIVERSE, 'THY
POWER IS THERE.'
KNOWEST thou ANY
CORNER of the WORLD
WHERE at least FORCE
is not?

THE WITHERED LEAF CANNOT DIE;

DETACHED!
SEPARATED! I say
there is
NO SUCH SEPARATION:
Nothing hitherto
WAS ever stranded; cast
aside;
BUT ALL, were it only a
withered leaf,
WORKS together with
all; is BORNE FORWARD on
THE BOTTOMLESS,
SHORELESS FLOOD of ACTION,
AND LIVES THROUGH
PERPETUAL META-
MORPHOSES.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition: this life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian, whose portal we call Death."—LONGFELLOW.

THE Withered Leaf IS
NOT DEAD and LOST.
THERE are Forces in it
and
AROUND it, though
working in inverse order.
ELSE how could it ROT?
DESPISE NOT the RAG
from which
MAN MAKES PAPER, or
the
LITTER from which
THE EARTH makes
CORN.
RIGHTLY viewed,
NO MEANEST OBJECT is
INSIGNIFICANT;
ALL Objects are as
WINDOWS, through
which the
PHILOSOPHIC EYE
looks into
INFINITUDE ITSELF.
CARLYLE.

MORAL!

THE above DISTINCTLY
PROVES that matter is
INDESTRUCTIBLE.
INTELLECT—UNDER-
STANDING, GENIUS.
ABILITY, SENSE—is
without doubt
SUPERIOR to MATTER;
then it is
NOT LOGIC to Preserve
the INFERIOR and
DESTROY the SUPERIOR
THE following beautiful
lines from LONGFELLOW'S
'RESIGNATION' are
TRUE:

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

The JEOPARDY OF LIFE is Immensely Increased without such a Simple Precaution as

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

(READ THE PAMPHLET GIVEN WITH EACH BOTTLE.)

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

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great step which has enabled the League to be the most powerful means of uniting all sections of the community in support of constitutional principles." The Ladies' Grand Council, with 1600 members, is largely composed of women of title. The Liberals have not followed this example. The Women's Liberal Federation, which was the answer of Liberalism to the Conservative step in this direction, is a mere annexe. Both these large party combinations of women, however, have done great harm in an indirect way to the Woman's Suffrage movement, as showing that a hundred times as many women will join in party work as will unite to obtain political freedom for their own sex; and that, in fact, women will work their utmost, with steadiness and enthusiasm, to put into Parliament men who will not support Women's Suffrage when there, and to gain the highest offices of State for party leaders who admit that they will, when in those offices, effectually stultify any efforts of women to get the vote.

A private conference and a public meeting in the small Queen's Hall have been held by the Woman's Suffrage Society in London this week, but the movement is sadly "damped down" at present. I have been told by several M.P.'s who were formerly prepared to urge the movement in the House that they have been so impressed by the absurd lack of judgment or lack of interest of the women themselves, indicated by their working for the return of their own opponents, that those erstwhile friends have become, for the most part, at least indifferent to the question. In America, where women have, on the whole, so much better a position than even here, having abundant educational opportunities equal to men's, and free access to almost all professions, in which they are really employed and trusted, and treated with serious respect—even there the power of the franchise is for the most part denied to them. In four States, however, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Idaho, women vote at all elections on the same terms as men, and two hundred thousand women voters in those States shared in the recent Presidential election. The American women who care about their public status are just now issuing a strong protest against a bill which is before Congress to admit Arizona, Oklahoma, and New Mexico, which are at present merely "Territories," into the sisterhood of States. The measure to effect this provides that the new States shall never enact a law to refuse the vote to any persons among its



BEAUTY IN BLACK.

A becoming evening gown in black chiffon trimmed with small frills and a ribbon ruching, jet lightening the effect in the form of medallions.

inhabitants save on one of the following grounds: illiteracy, minority, imbecility and lunacy, conviction of crime, or womanhood. Thus, even in America, as Miss Susan Anthony puts it, "men are guilty of the enormity of classing women with the defective and delinquent classes of men as *non compos* for voting"! A large number of representative women are claiming from Congress the omission of this provision: it is the more objectionable inasmuch as the Arizona Legislature has once already passed a Woman's Suffrage Bill, which was vetoed by the Governor on his own responsibility.

Fur coats and stoles are checked in their upward costly tendency to some extent by the long-continued mildness of the winter. The stoles are perhaps more useful under these conditions, however, than they would be if Jack Frost were raging more furiously. The wide-shouldered cape, deep-pointed front and back, that is now called a stole, is really a little mantle. Marmot is a practically useful fur for such a garment; it is not too heavy-looking for a young wearer, but has enough dignity for the elders also. Caracul is one of the furs favoured by girls. It is a true fur, not an imitation pretending to be of some other sort, and it is more moderate in cost than most kinds of real fur. A snug little caracul coat opening in a narrow line down the front—too narrow to let the cold in—was made much smarter by the inserted vest being of white cloth embroidered in gold soutache. Revers turned back at the throat to show this embroidery a little wider than below, and were held by a big white and gold enamel button at each side. The narrow ties of fur are a feature of this winter's fashions in that direction: they are made so pliable as just to tie in a single knot in a loose way around the throat. Ermine or sable for choice will be purchased for these little ties; but seal, baby lamb, and grey squirrel are all employed to make these useful adjuncts to the toilette. The long coats or three-quarter cloaks, lined with white and black or grey squirrel fur, that were popular some years ago and then almost disappeared from the market, are now very much in vogue again, and are certainly useful for train travelling, or, in default of better things, even for motor-coats; but they are rather heavy and oppressive for walking.

There was an upward trend in diamond shares during the past account in mines. On this Mr. Streeter says that there is no reason to suppose that the price of diamonds will decline—that, on the contrary, the rise, which has been going on steadily for some years, still continues. Far from the market being glutted by the working of the South African mines, the supply of first-class stones is insufficient to keep pace with the demand. "Diamonds," he adds, "are in the hands of a strong syndicate, having a large reserve." Those are assurances of cheering import to shareholders in diamond mines. FILOMENA.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

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Inexpensive Wood Bedsteads.



No. 141. Fumed Oak Bedstead,
3 ft. by 6 ft. 6 in., fitted with spring
mattress, 32/-

*To be recommended where quite an
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Write for No. 40 WOOD BEDSTEAD LIST.
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"WHITE
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Without any Turns or Twists.

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Shade Cards and Quality Patterns on application.

The "REGULATION" Quality is the same as now supplied to His Majesty's
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WILL FIT ANY LEG.
MADE OF ALL WOOL.
**GREAT SUPPORT TO
THE LEG.**

Can be Worn under
Trousers to Keep
the Leg Dry and
Warm.

Can be used with
Stockings or Socks.

FOR MEN.

With Spats ... from 10s. 6d.
to 12s. 0d.

Detachable 1s. extra.

If detachable required send size of boot.

Without Spats ... from 6s. 0d.
to 7s. 6d.

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

LIGHT WEIGHT.

With Spats - 7/6

Detachable 1s. extra.

Without Spats - 5/-

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ART NOTES.

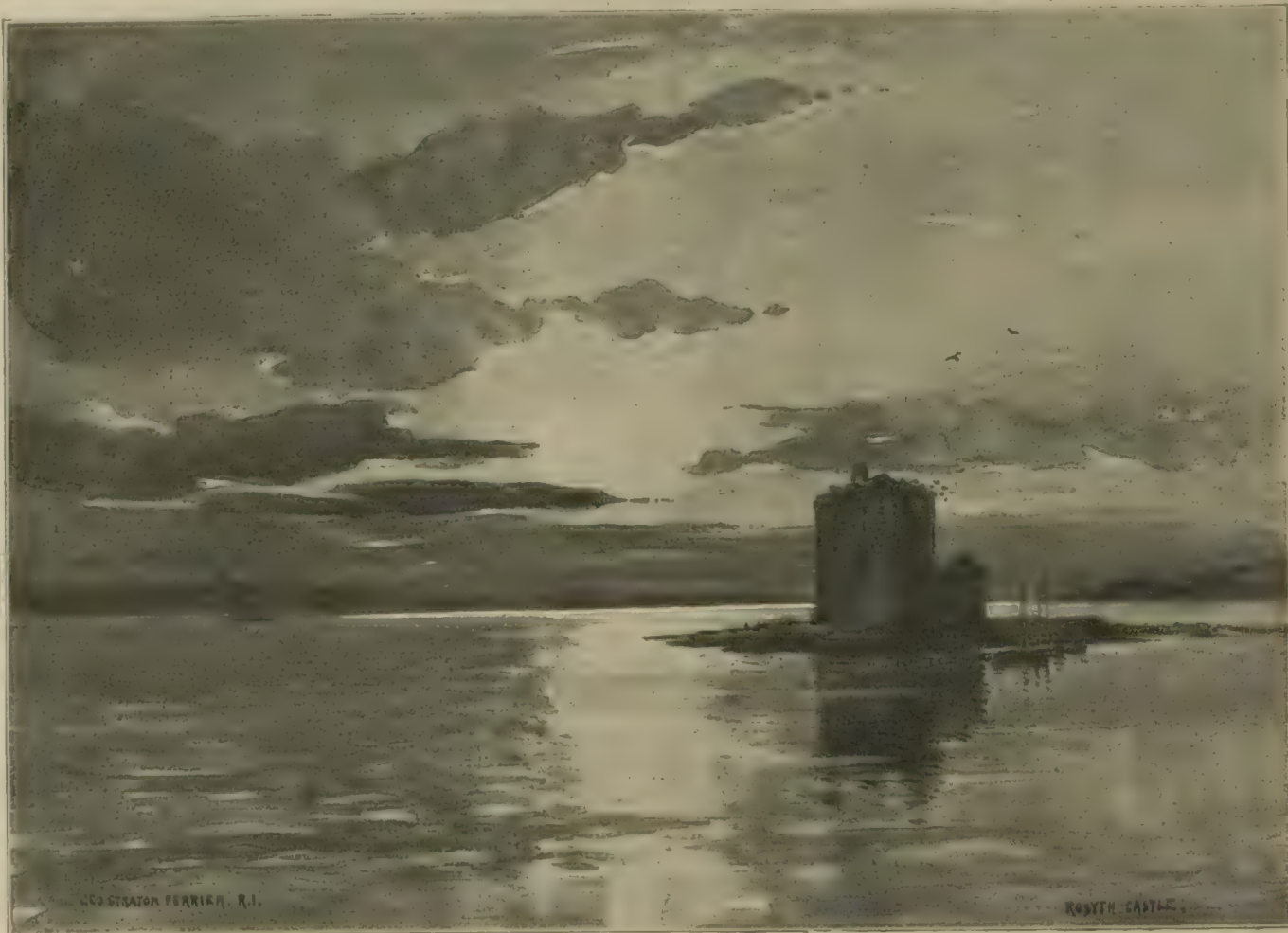
The tenth annual exhibition of pictures on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution is open at the Agnew Galleries in Bond Street. Romney's "Elizabeth Tighe" is here, conventional but exquisite, the greys and greens of the dress being matched in beauty by the rose-tints in the sky. Particularly rich is the Crome, a "Wooded Landscape by Moonlight." Gainsborough is represented both in landscape and portraiture. In his "Duchess of Gloucester" he does not attract us, important as the picture is. Reynolds is represented by his "Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland," his "Lady Elizabeth Compton," and his "Master William Cavendish," notable, among other things, for the pathos of the child's expression. Raeburn's "Mrs. Stewart of Dalguise," his "Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie," and his robust "General Sir William Maxwell"—a picture the late Mr. Furze must have borne in mind—all these spoil the chances of an admiring eye being turned upon the "Mrs. Cunliffe Osley" of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Supposing that some score of paintings were removed from the fourteenth exhibition of the Society of Portrait

Painters, now open at the New Gallery, and that this score were replaced by pictures of some artistic merit, the collection would be a good one. As it is, the visitor cannot fail to be put out of countenance by

strictest sense, certainly not of the real and reasonable and responsible fashion in art that has placed Mr. Sargent at the head of contemporary portraiture. We will not pause longer on paintings that should really go from this gallery to the window of the photographer who does "coloured enlargements."

The first wall of the West Room is particularly interesting, with its Mancini, its Whistler, and its Watts. In its composition and adjuncts Signor Mancini's portrait of Master Jerome Caccamisi is less fine than many of the wonderful portraits that have lately come from the brush of this master of realism. It is less fine as a picture than, for instance, a man's portrait shown in the same society's exhibition last year, but Signor Mancini rarely fails; his energy is too strong, his realisation of certain facts in nature too constantly intense, to allow of flatness or futility, and the drawing and boyish character of this head are undoubtedly well rendered. "Rose et Or: La Napolitaine," is the title of Whistler's study of Miss Philip. How different are the means and



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certain canvases that are important only in size. Notably in the North Room is the standard of the whole exhibition lowered by the hanging of works by a "fashionable" portrait-painter; fashionable, one must suppose, among those who think only of fashion in its

ways, how infinite the varieties, of expression in paint! For no less than in the portrait of Master Jerome Caccamisi is there character in this consciously attractive and unwittingly repellent type of Neapolitan womanhood. For all Whistler's absorption

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in his technique, for all his loving care of tone and colour, his eye was alert for the character of his sitter, and this character is expressed in some subtle fact of pose or expression that interferes not at all with the artist's intentness upon technical qualities. Mancini, on the other hand, strains every law of the palette and assaults every policeman-precept of the studio to achieve his reality. Whistler's full-cheeked, richly coloured model has been studied in a way that her own cold dark eyes can hardly have appreciated. Her beauties upon canvas are very subtle; but an unfortunate passage of drawing about the chin and jaw should be obliterated by the spectator's hand before the masterly rendering of the upper portion of the face can be well understood.

A feature of the exhibition is the collection of the late Franz von Lenbach's portraits. Among these we find mentioned in the catalogue a sketch of Lady Curzon, lent by his Excellency her husband, but this was "withdrawn by request" upon the Press-day. Lenbach's place among the portrait-painters of the nineteenth century is unquestionably a high one, by reason of his grasp of the nobler characteristics of his sitters. He has proved himself eminently the painter of great men—see his portraits of the Emperor William I. and of Count von Moltke, both lent to the New Gallery by the executors of that most discriminating collector, the late J. Staats Forbes. How

fine is the restful pose, the powerful quiet, of this man of power, the aging Moltke! Quite different is Lenbach's style when he delineates women. An almost uncanny contrast is suggested between the rugged features of a warrior in one frame and the over-polished cheek and too glistening eye of beauty in another.

In the light of the portrait group of Mr. C. H. Shannon and Mr. Charles Ricketts by that frank Frenchman, M. Blanche, at the Dudley Gallery, it is amusing to see Mr. Shannon's own conception and rendering of the same subject. A painter of the ideal is here, then, brought to immediate issues with a painter supposedly of the real. M. Blanche proves the danger that lies in aiming at that reality which appeals to the modern view. His result is coarse where there is no coarseness in nature. Mr. Shannon's result is truthful in the main, with a hint of affectation everywhere observable. He has painted in this portrait of himself and Mr. Ricketts two men of Holbein-like intentness yet of Van Dyckian grace. There is much beauty in the lighting and colouring.

Very interesting is the portrait of Leonide Leblanc, lent by Madame Blanche Marchesi. We hardly hesitate in agreeing with the attribution of this lovely portrait to the master brush of Corot, although such attribution

has been disputed, and although the landscape background has not the magic of a typical Corot. It might well, however, be that Corot's sense of a landscape background was not that of a pure landscape; while the painting of the lady's voluminous black dress and her bonnet against the sky is masterly. Several other portraits of note may be studied here, among which should be mentioned works by Mr. John Lavery, Mr. E. A. Walton, Mr. Austen Brown, and Mr. Colyn Thomson.

W. M.

The International Sleeping-Car Company announces some very important improvements in its winter *train-de-luxe* services. The Calais-Mediterranean express, composed of sleeping and restaurant cars only, will this year, for the first time, leave Calais in connection with the 11 a.m. train from Victoria, instead of with the 9 a.m., as in previous years. This is a very much more convenient hour to leave London, and, moreover, the service is made between Dover and Calais by the new turbine-steamer *Queen*. There will, as before, be no change of cars, the whole train running straight through to the Riviera, arriving the following morning at Cannes 10.15, Nice 10.47, and Monte Carlo at 11.28. The Calais-Mediterranean express commenced running on Friday, Nov. 4, and will run every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday until Jan. 1, from which date it will run daily.



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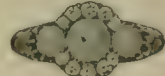
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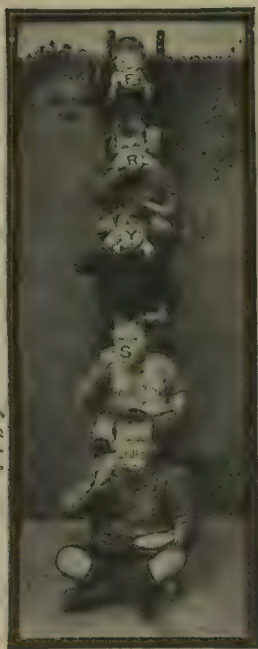
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MUSIC.

On the afternoon of Nov. 19 a crowded audience assembled to hear the talented boy, Florizel von Reuter, at an orchestral concert in the St. James's Hall. He is wonderful in technique and power, and came bravely through the ordeal of Corelli's "La Folia" and Tchaikovsky's Concerto in D. The orchestra under his baton played two of the youthful prodigy's own compositions.

On Thursday, Nov. 17, Father Bernard Vaughan gave his annual concert at the Albert Hall in aid of poor children of the East End of London. Madame Patti and Señor Sarasate lent their assistance and packed the house. Madame Patti sang wonderfully, with marked ease and freshness, some of her well-known songs—notably, "Angels ever bright and fair" and "Il Bacio"—with generous encores, including "Home, Sweet Home." Señor Sarasate played his own composition, "Iota," and as an encore the Second Nocturne of Chopin. He is all too rarely heard in London; for his brilliancy of execution and his purity of tone and, above all, his individual charm of expression, keep him, in spite of the crowding in of youthful genius, *facile princeps*. Mr. Santley,



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Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Boris Hambourg, and many other soloists gave their generous support.

Herr Arthur Nikisch's conducting of the stupendous Tchaikowsky Fifth Symphony in E major and minor at the London Symphony Concert at Queen's Hall on Nov. 17 was a sheer *tour de force*. Once before, in the London Musical Festival of 1902, he came from Leipzig to conduct it, and the result was overwhelming. On Thursday again, the same magnetism and intimate relation between him and his orchestra resulted in another revelation of what the Russian music can be made to express. The enthusiasm was almost unprecedented. The first half of the programme consisted of Brahms' "Haydn Variations," Saint-Saëns' Violin Concerto in B minor, with M. Achille Rivarde as the soloist, and the "Egmont" and "Tannhäuser" overtures. M. I. H.

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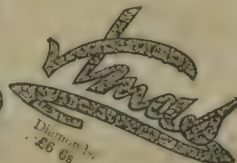
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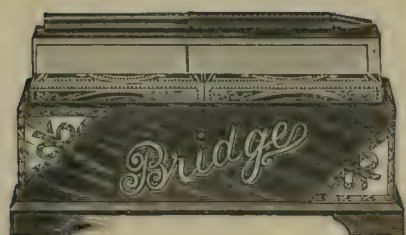
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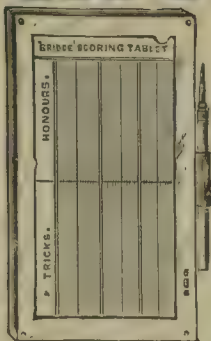
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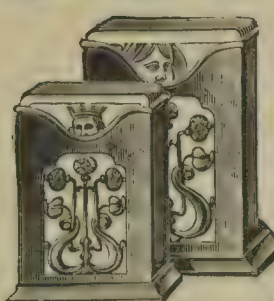
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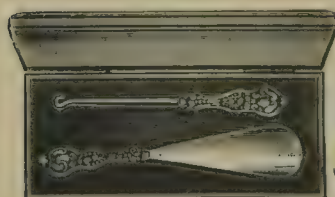
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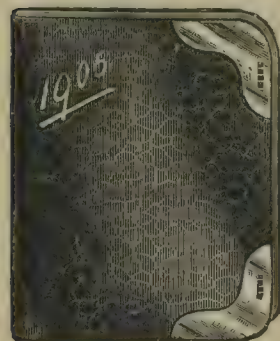
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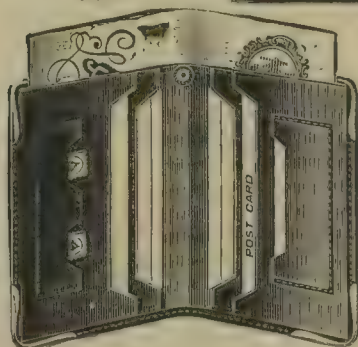


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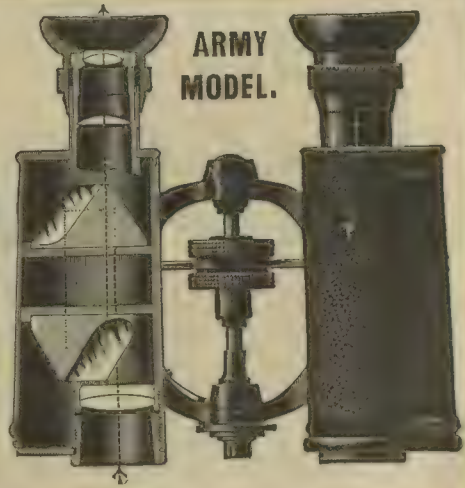
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 24, 1902) of MR. EDWIN MACKINTOSH, of 79, Lancaster Gate, and 8, Billiter Street, E.C., ship-owner, who died on Aug. 11, was proved on Nov. 10 by Mrs. Elizabeth Rose Mackintosh, the widow, and Stanley Owen, the executors, the value of the estate being £259,359. The testator gives his capital in the firms of John Swire and Sons and Butterfield and Swire, in trust, to pay an annual sum representing 5 per cent. thereon to his wife, until his son Edwin Hampson shall be admitted a partner, when he gives to him such capital, he paying 5 per cent. on one third thereof annually to his mother; £500 to Stanley Owen; and £2000 and the household furniture to Mrs. Mackintosh. The income from the residue of his property he leaves to his wife until their youngest child attains twenty-one years of age, when one moiety thereof is to be held, in trust, to pay the income from one third thereof to her, and subject thereto for his son; and the other moiety, in trust, for her for life; and then for his two daughters, Lilian Mary and Elsie.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1899), with two codicils (dated June 5, 1902, and March 25, 1904), of MR. CHARLES PERCEVAL ROWLEY, of 61, Pall Mall, of Winttingham, St. Neots, and of Magdalene College, Cambridge, who died on Oct. 21, was proved on Nov. 16 by his nephew George Fyde Rowley, the value of the real and personal estate being £161,543.

The testator gives £20,000, in trust, for his great-nephews Owsley Vincent Fyde Rowley and George Richard Francis Rowley; £1000, in trust, to pay £5 a year for insuring the stained-glass windows in the parish church of St. Neots, and the remainder of the income is to go towards the maintenance of a curate; £1000, in trust, for the deserving poor of St. Neots; £100 to the County Hospital, Huntingdon; £300 each to Sir Charles Mansfield and Miss Laura Welstead; £1000 to his cousin, Augustus Rowley Brooke Leeds; £1000, in trust, for Major-General Robert Ricketts Rowley; £100 to Miss Selina Rowley; an annuity of £60 to Mrs. Harriet Craig and Miss Selina Rowley and the survivor of them; and legacies to servants. All his real estate he devises to George Fyde Rowley, and he leaves the residue of his personal property, in trust, for him for life, and then for Owsley Vincent Fyde Rowley and George Richard Francis Rowley.

The will and codicil (both dated Oct. 28, 1895) of CAPTAIN FRANCIS HENRY SALVIN, of Sutton Place, near Guildford, who died on Oct. 2, was proved on Nov. 12 by Philip Witham, the value of the estate amounting to £80,131. The testator gives the use and enjoyment for life of Whitmore House, with the furniture therein, to his sister Emma Maria Salvin; an annuity of £50 to William Salvin; annuities of £25 each to the sisters of the late Charles Salvin; and £15

per annum to his coachman, John Jackman. The Sutton Place Estate and the residue of his personal property he leaves to Philip Witham.

The will (dated May 3, 1902), with a codicil (of Feb. 20, 1904), of MR. CORBET HUE, of Pinehurst, Mickleham, Surrey, who died on Sept. 7, has been proved by Arthur Corbet Hue, the son, the value of the estate being £61,244. The testator leaves all his property, in trust, for his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Hue, for life, and on her decease as to two-fifths, in trust, for his son, and three-fifths, in trust, for his daughters Alice Lucy, Florence Ellen, and Gertrude Charlotte.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1902), with a codicil (of Dec. 1, 1903), of the HON. WILLIAM FREDERICK DAWNAY, of Brampton House, Northampton, who died on Sept. 29, was proved on Nov. 9 by Lady Adelaide Helen Dawnay, the widow, and the Hon. Geoffrey Nicholas Dawnay, the brother, the value of the estate being £48,983. The testator gives to his brother £100; and to his wife the household effects, dogs, and horses, and the income from his residuary estate while she remains his widow, or an annuity of £1200 should she again marry. Subject thereto, his property is to be divided among his children, except his son Nigel William.

The will (dated May 17, 1904) of MR. JOSHUA COX, J.P., of Harbledown House, near Canterbury,

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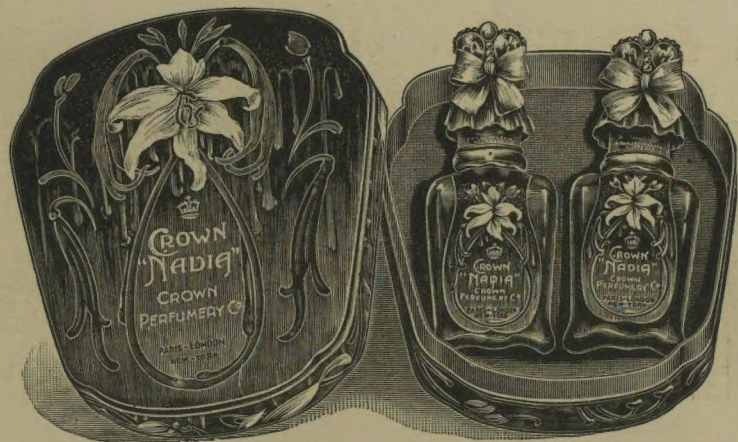
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who died on Sept. 6, was proved on Nov. 8 by Mrs. Martha Cox, the widow, and Frederick John Godden, the value of the estate being £47,417. The testator gives £500 to his wife and legacies to persons in his employ and servants. Subject thereto, the whole of the property is to be held, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife during widowhood, or an annuity of £1000 should she again marry. On her decease he gives 424 shares in Vickers, Son, and Maxim to the Good Templar and Temperance Orphanage, Sunbury; 500 preference shares in Slaters, Limited, and 40 shares in the Railway Passengers' Assurance to the London Temperance Hospital; 40 shares in the South Hetton Coal Company to Dr. Barnardo's Homes; 173 shares in Slaters, Limited, to the United Kingdom Alliance for the suppression of the liquor traffic; 40 preference and 200 ordinary shares in Idris and Company to the East Kent Band of Hope Union; 400 shares in Schweppe's, Limited, to the Kent County Temperance Federation; 110 shares in the Charing Cross and Strand Electric Supply Corporation to the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union; 1150 shares in Bovril, Limited, to the Salvation Army; 24 shares in the St. James and Pall

Mall Electric Company to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; 350 shares in A. and F. Pears to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; 500 preference shares in Van den Berghs to the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control; 20 shares in the Tarapaca Water Works Company to Müller's Orphanage, Bristol; £100 each to the Dogs' Home and the Cats Home; and 250 shares in the National Bank of New Zealand to the trustees of the Baptist Chapel, St. George's Place, Canterbury. On the death of Mrs. Plommer the ultimate residue is to be held, in trust, to pay annuities of £18 4s. to necessitous old men and women residing in the parishes of Fritwell, Weston-on-the-Green, Stoke Lyne, and Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire, preference being given to those who are Protestant Dissenters and total abstainers.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1897) of the RIGHT REV. JOHN WAREING BARDSLEY, Bishop of Carlisle, of Rose Castle, Dalston, Cumberland, who died on Sept. 14, has been proved by Mrs. Elizabeth Bardsley, the widow, and Anthony Nichol Bowman, the value of the property being £12,298. The

testator gives all his estate and effects to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1900) of GENERAL OWEN LEWIS COPE WILLIAMS, late M.P. for Marlow, of Temple House, Bisham, Berks., and 24, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, who died on Oct. 2, was proved on Nov. 12 by Mrs. Nina Mary Adelaide Williams, the widow, the value of the property being £5506. The testator leaves everything he should die possessed of to his wife.

The series of pictorial postcards issued by the London and North Western Railway Company in August last, showing the development of the railway during the last seventy years, has proved very popular, over half a million cards having been disposed of. A revised and improved edition contains many more features of interest, including views on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1829, the London and Birmingham Railway in 1837, old and new royal saloons; and old locomotives and carriages are shown in contrast to the latest productions of Crewe and Wolverton works.

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Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin or even white linen.
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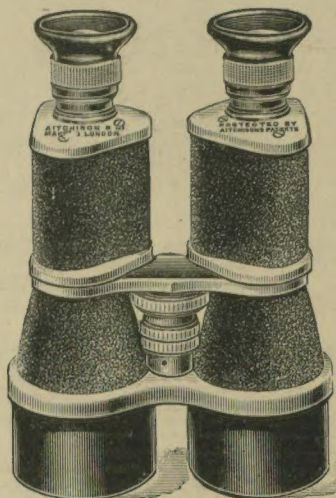

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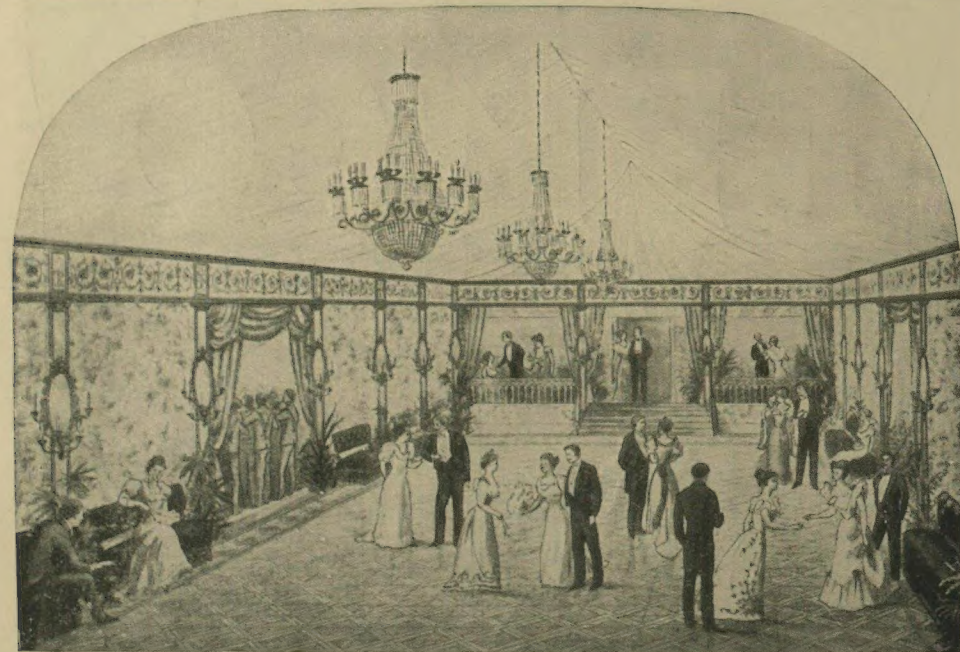
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